

THE MIND OF THE MAMMAL. By Professor Thomson.
INDOOR LIFE AT THE ACADEMY (Illustrated).

COUNTRY LIFE

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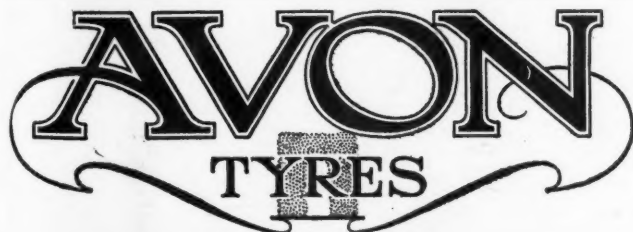
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MISS JOAN HENLLYS LLOYD.

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COUNTRY LIFE undertakes no responsibility for loss or injury to such MSS., photographs or sketches, and only publication in COUNTRY LIFE can be taken as evidence of acceptance.

THE REJECTION OF COMPROMISE

HITHERTO compromise has belonged to the very spirit of English politics. By it alone has it been possible for men of the most divergent views to work together in harmony. Its essence is expressed in the old phrase of "give and take." The most unbending Tory and the most uncompromising Socialist have at moments of crisis agreed to work together along a path midway between them. In doing so they were acting in conformity with the root principle of English government, which is that the majority shall prevail. He who finds himself in a definite minority knows that his remedy is to preach his doctrines, with the assurance that if they are true they will prevail, and if they are not true they will come to nothing. In the coal struggle almost for the first time in our history the three parties concerned have all followed the ancient example by agreeing to a compromise. The workers, to their honour be it said, have recognised that the state of the coal business forbids the paying of such large wages as they have enjoyed recently. They agreed to accept less, and the only difference that had to be smoothed over was as to the amount of the reduction. Mr. Lloyd George, speaking for the Government, laid down the sound principle that it would be unfair to subsidise any one industry out of the taxes; yet, when the facts were all disclosed and the difficulty of carrying on

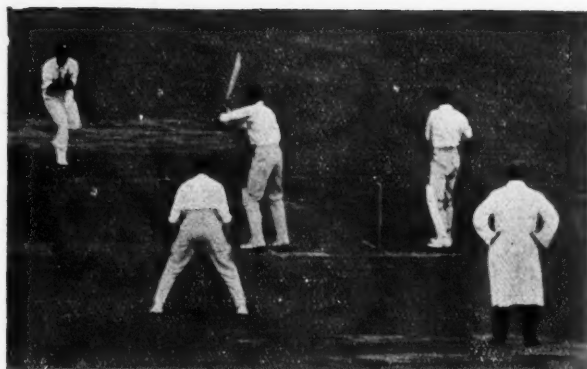
made apparent, the Government compromised also by offering a generous subsidy, which they ultimately increased to £10,000,000. We agreed absolutely with the rule laid down by the Prime Minister. We agree also with what looks like an immediate infringement of it. The Government of human beings cannot be worked like a mechanism made of cast-iron. It is a human business and, therefore, must be carried out with humanity. Nobody worth speaking about has in reality blamed the authorised leaders of the country for departing from a salutary practice. The coal-owners on their part have also offered a compromise and one that cannot be called ungenerous. It is to abstain from taking any profit from the mines until the industry is set once more on its feet. In ordinary circumstances the mere announcement of this action by the three parties to the present disagreement would have been hailed as the end of the strike, but the colliers—or, at least, those who represent them—have negatived hope of immediate settlement by nailing their colours to the mast of no compromise. They did not express themselves as disappointed with the offers made; that is, as far as they can be expressed in monetary terms. Whether in that the leaders are rightly interpreting the feelings of the masses is very questionable indeed. Many piteous cries of suffering have risen from the pit villages, and whoever has been among the population of these places has not failed to notice that the rank and file discuss nothing but wages. It would be wrong to say that they do not sympathise with the further object of their leaders. They do not seem to know anything about it. It is a great pity that Mr. Lloyd George does not take it into his head to make a peregrination of the pit villages. The men are extremely fond of good oratory and would assemble in thousands to listen to it. They are often blamed for knowing only one side of the question, but it is largely due to the fact that their reading is confined to one newspaper—we need scarcely say which it is—and there is no one to show the opposite point of view. We think of Mr. Lloyd George as the proper evangelist for this mission because of his fame and authority. Anyone unknown would not be listened to. But the Prime Minister would be sure of an audience and he would find a certain pleasure in exercising, on such a pilgrimage, one of his most precious gifts, that of putting an issue in plain and direct language, that he who runs may read.

The question on which the leaders of the pitmen, in contradistinction to the men themselves, base their opposition is that of the nationalisation of the pool. But no government is authorised to deal with this. It is a matter of politics; that is to say, it concerns not only a class of the people, but the nation at large. The miner is only one of the parties, and he is very well aware that it takes two to make a bargain. On nationalisation it also takes two to make a bargain. The move would give them a sense of responsibility and probably involve a great deal of expense. Therefore the matter must be brought before the country as a distinct proposal at a general election. Those who are in favour of nationalisation would not have completed their work if they had not educated their followers to believe in it, and to say that they have would be a rash statement at the present moment; but, at any rate, they must bring the matter before the general public, those who have to pay the rates and taxes of the country, those, indeed, who form the nation and, therefore, have the supreme word to say in regard to any bargain that is made collectively with it. It behoves the representatives of the people to study with the utmost care any bargain offered to the State on behalf of a particular class.

Our Frontispiece

MISS JOAN HENLLYS LLOYD, whose engagement to Mr. Philip Saxon Gregson-Ellis, Grenadier Guards, only son of Colonel Saxon and Mrs. Gregson-Ellis, has just been announced, is the subject of the first full-page illustration in this week's COUNTRY LIFE. Miss Lloyd is the youngest daughter of Sir Martine and Lady Lloyd of Bronwydd.

* * * Particulars and conditions of sale of estates and catalogues of furniture should be sent as soon as possible to COUNTRY LIFE, and followed in due course by a prompt notification of the results of the various sales.



COUNTRY NOTES

IT is not at all desirable, either in their own interests or in those of the country, that the miners should continue to sulk in their tents to which they have retired. Were it a quarrel in which deep hostility had been developed, cessation from active hostilities might have a good instead of an ill effect. But the miners must be aware that there is no ill-will towards them, even among those who are suffering on account of their action. Everybody recognises that if this obstinacy continues it will end in the ruin of the industries on which the greatness of England ultimately depends. Incidentally it will throw permanently out of work many who are engaged in coal mining and impose serious hardship on their dependants. Worse even than that is the effect on allied industries. Day after day and week after week more of them are compelled to shut down, leaving the workers without wages and in many cases without any means whatever of providing the necessities of life. Such a state of affairs must end one day, and effort should not be relaxed until that consummation is brought about.

OUTSIDERS cannot see the importance of the point that is keeping the two parties asunder, namely, the national pool, and it would appear, from the reluctance of the leaders to order a general ballot, that they hesitate to put the question to the colliers. There is very little doubt that the majority of the latter are ready to go back to their work on the conditions offered them by the Government and by the owners. The position, if it were not so grave, would be laughed at as absurd. Here are men wishful to work and ready to do so at the wages offered. The only obstacle is the attitude of their leaders, who want to get in the thin edge of nationalisation. Now, if the majority of the voters of this country desired nationalisation, it could not be refused to them, because the very essence of government is that the opinion of the majority shall prevail. Either, then, this opinion should be discovered or the miners should return to work, but standing obstinately aside with folded arms can lead to nothing except disaster.

DURING the past few weeks prospective taxpayers have been bombarded with demands for returns for the purpose of assessing the income tax and super tax that will not be payable until 1922. The ex-Chancellor's Budget speech dispelled any lingering hope that optimists may have held of a reduction, however small, in these taxes, and to the gloom engendered of strikes, trade depression and general unrest is to be added the worry of preparing these, as we think, needlessly complicated returns. No wonder that the Medical Correspondent of the *Times* has felt impelled to remind the public that income tax and pneumonia are not necessarily unrelated.

CONSIDERABLE interest has been aroused by the proposals of the Revenue Bill now before Parliament, whereby it is sought to put the assessment and collection

of income tax under the immediate control of Somerset House, and to deprive taxpayers of such protection against undue oppression as is afforded them by the existing system of local commissioners, assessors and collectors. Recent experience of complete departmental control has not made one enamoured of any proposal that the management of income tax should be entirely handed over to the Inland Revenue and their officials—"to be carried out by them without check or control," to quote the protest recently published by the Commissioners of Taxes for the City of London—and we hope the provisions of the Bill will be submitted to careful scrutiny before they are accepted by Parliament.

LORD WRENBURY has mooted a question of great importance to everyone who is liable to super tax. He suggests, and makes a strong case in support of the suggestion, that the denial to the payer of super tax of the allowances and reliefs made to the income tax payer is of questionable legality. The point is a highly technical one, which can hardly be explained in a short note, but, as we understand it, it amounts to this: Is "total income" for super tax purposes the same as the "taxable income" for income tax purposes? The Revenue authorities contend that it is not, and that the deductions allowed in arriving at the latter are not applicable when income has to be assessed for super tax. Our own impression, for what it is worth, is that the relevant provisions of the Finance Acts support rather the official contention than the construction submitted by Lord Wrenbury; but, obviously, arguments put forward by a judge of such eminence deserve and must receive most careful consideration.

THE AFTERMATH.

My hand is on the plow of discord:
The tar-weed shall strangle the barley stalk,
The fungus poison the fruit-tree's heart,
The songster scream in the clutch of the hawk.

My hand is on the plow of discord
That men shall reap not what they sow,
And the ancient order pass in strife
With the bones of the proud to a far plateau.

My hand is on the plow of discord:
Let wild winds eddy the dust of dreams,
Let the wilderness eat the planted fields
By the broken thrones of dead regimes.

My hand is on the plow of discord:
Seed shall choke seed, and fang tear fang,
Till only the law of the stars shall rule,
The law of the clay whence sorrow sprang—
Not yet the Peacemaker, not yet the Mighty Fool.

CARLETON BEALS.

MORE than average interest was exhibited this week in the centenary of the *Manchester Guardian*. It may be taken as a very fine—it would be invidious to call it the finest—example of the provincial journal. Scotland objects to being called provincial, and, therefore, it would be offensive to institute comparisons between the *Manchester Guardian* and, say, the *Glasgow Herald* and the *Scotsman*. During the régime of Mr. Scott the prominent feature of the *Manchester Guardian* has been its intellectuality. When a new discovery has been made or a new departure started in literature, science or art, Mr. Scott has never failed to provide a writer who could at once take his readers into the heart of the subject. In politics it is impossible to please all parties in the same way, but in the *Guardian* a clear and definite point of view has been maintained and its principles enunciated reasonably and persuasively. If one differs with them occasionally it is always with the consciousness that an opposing view has been presented with conviction and earnestness. After all, he is a poor partisan who cannot believe that another creed may be held as honestly as he holds his own.

IT will disappoint many people to know that Mr. Paynter will be unable to give, as he intended, the figures of his poultry experiment up to the end of May. Some time

ago he met with a very serious street accident and since then has been going about on crutches. His leg not getting better, the doctor has recommended that he should give it rest by taking a sea voyage in which his restless energy would not, at any rate, find outlet in walking. There is every prospect that his cure will be established as it is chiefly through persistence in using his leg that he has not sooner recovered from the accident. He was engaged, as our readers know, in a new and very attractive experiment, characteristically managing to turn his ill luck to the best account; in other words, he was placed in the position of a disabled soldier, and the experiment goes to show that a man who had lost the use of one of his limbs in battle may, if he have a moderate amount of capital, earn a competent livelihood from a poultry farm. This was a new departure. Previously Mr. Paynter had confined himself to selling eggs and chickens to dealers, never seeking to explore those extra sources of remuneration which poultry farming in its widest meaning provides.

MR. PAYNTER did not, for instance, touch the trade in special eggs for sitting purposes which nowadays command a very high price. He did not sell one-day chicks—another good source of revenue—and he did not sell birds for show or breeding purposes, a third sphere of activity open to the farmer. He has to a slight extent tapped these sources in the experiment just concluding, but will be in a position to test them fully next year. It will be interesting to see what breed he chooses for his main purpose. Popularity must, of course, be studied, but with reservation. For example, the White Wyandotte has, perhaps, the greatest fame for laying purposes of any breed at the present moment, but it has been so much exploited for the purpose of laying eggs that number has possibly been considered more than size. Both the breed and the eggs have become smaller in consequence. The Rhode Island Red has come into great favour as a large fowl which lays large eggs, but one doubts if it is better or even so good as Light Sussex. It would be interesting to decide which is the best.

THE cricket season could not have had a more dramatic beginning than the first day's play between the Australians and Leicestershire. Blazing sunshine and a hard wicket gave our guests the opportunity they wanted, and they made the most of it. Fine bowling by Macdonald, their fast bowler, who is new to England, rattled Leicestershire out for a paltry score, and then, after Collins had been bowled, the real fun began with Bardsley and Macartney. The leisurely progress of Test Matches in Australia makes us think of Australian cricketers as infinitely safe and almost stolid, but Macartney is anything but a stolid batsman, and slashed the Leicestershire bowlers all over the field in the most scintillating manner. We are in a subdued state of mind about our cricket just now, and this revelation was not needed to prevent us from underrating the Australians. When the sun is less bright and the wickets softer we shall feel more hopeful and less humble.

ACCORDING to an article printed in the current number of *Canada* it would seem that the rivers and lakes of the Mackenzie Basin are destined to form one of the great playgrounds of Canada. The story told of its animal life reads like a description of a sporting Paradise. Lake trout are found in abundance, and Mr. A. H. Schurer, who has been exploring it for other purposes, says that some were caught six feet in length and nearly fifty pounds in weight. In Mackenzie River the most numerous fish belong to the species known as the Inconnu. This, caught in the lower river, he describes as very good eating, resembling salmon in taste. The flesh of those caught there is light pink in colour, but as they ascend they become poor and the flesh turns white, soft and unpalatable. They average ten or twelve pounds in weight but have often been caught weighing thirty or forty pounds. These accounts are confirmed by those given by early writers and travellers. Shooters of big-game will be attracted by the information that the banks of the

river are prodigally supplied with game, among which are herds of caribou and buffalo.

AT the Thames Police Court on Saturday Mr. Cairns, the magistrate, made some pointed remarks about unemployment pay which the general public will endorse. He found his text in three cases of drunkenness in which it was stated that the men were out of work and drawing from this fund. The words used by Mr. Cairns could scarcely be bettered. He holds that "until this unemployment dole stops there is going to be complete demoralisation," and, further, the "dole is destroying moral. It is a scandal and an outrage, and I am astonished that decent, industrious people allow it to go on. I don't know who is responsible, whether one party or another, but it is completely demoralising the community."

THE GATE-HOUSE.

The little house lies hidden near the Park,
The casement windows look on Rotten Row,
And there the tulips nod and lilacs blow
And London dusk falls dimly blue and dark.

There is a little grille that guards the door,
There is a little courtyard trim and neat,
So cool and silent that the passing feet
Fall soft as moonlight on a polished floor.

This little house was built when Beau and Quean
Drove in their coach to breathe the country air
Of lovely Knightsbridge, lying sweet and fair
In all the freshness of a village green.

Gone are the days of powder, and of patch.
Hushed is the viol—mute the roundelays.
Ye who would catch a glimpse of olden days
Knock at the gate-house! Lightly lift the latch!

ROSE HENNIKER HEATON.

NEXT week we begin the publication of a series of letters from Mr. Stephen Graham. For some months he has been making a tour of the capitals and other important places of Eastern and Middle Europe for the purpose of investigating the conditions under which the various races have been left by the Great War. He describes his journey as "an extraordinary trip, such a state of affairs in Europe no one could have foreseen." The suggestive title given to the series is "Quo Vadis Europa?" The result of conversations, many of them held with the leading minds of the day, is to disclose an atmosphere of doubt and apprehension hanging over the Continent. The general impression is that civilisation is in greater danger than it has had to face during historic times. Many of those consulted spoke as though the break up of Russia and its reversion to a state of barbarism is a fate threatening all the other countries engaged in the war, and the prophecy was freely made that the first to follow would be Germany. The letters abound not only in conversation, but in extremely vivid travel pictures showing the restlessness of the population and the conditions now prevailing in places whose names became familiar far and near in war-time.

MR. WHITLEY has not taken long to fall into his place as Speaker of the House of Commons. He is, in many respects, an absolute contrast to Mr. Lowther, and still he inspires confidence just as his predecessor did. Mr. Whitley has a calm manner, a decided method of speech, which, however, is not dogmatical, but rather persuasive than otherwise, and he has a profound sense of duty. There is no doubt that he will prove acceptable to all the different parties in the House. The Conservatives alone might have rebelled, but the age of the candidate whom they selected was a bar nothing could get over. The Liberals, whether Coalition or not, were bound to agree in the choice of Mr. Whitley; and the Labour Party, as Mr. Henderson pointed out, remembered with gratitude the Councils which were named after the present Speaker of the House of Commons—the Whitley Councils. Thus Mr. Whitley begins his voyage with fine weather and favouring breezes behind him.

THE MIND OF ANIMALS.—II

THE MIND OF THE MAMMAL.

BY PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON, LL.D., UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN.

WE are apt to swing from one extreme to another in thinking of the behaviour of mammals. When we watch a collie at a sheep-driving competition, or a horse doing shunting work, or an elephant helping the woodman, it is difficult not to be too generous to the animal. We allow too little for the human co-operation and for the long training. On the other hand, when we study rabbits and guinea-pigs and that sort of mammal we are apt to be too stingy. We forget that an ordinary mammal (excluding monkeys) is not likely to display cleverness unless it is actually required. This is plain when we contrast the dulness of the domesticated sheep, living a sheltered life under Man's ægis, with the alertness of the wild sheep on the mountains. Man can hinder as well as help the development of intelligence.

PUTTING TWO AND TWO TOGETHER.

In the "Zoo" in Edinburgh, where some of the large mammals live in quarries and are seen against the pleasing background of rock, and not through iron railings, they have the Polar bear on a promontory projecting into water. Many of the buns thrown by visitors fall short and float on the surface. They could easily be collected by swimming, but we saw the Polar bear trying a neater method. Coming to the edge of its promontory it scooped the water gently with its paw, and by producing a current drew the floating bun within reach. We would not base any large conclusion on what we happened to see once, but taking the observation at its face value we think that the Polar bear's behaviour may be regarded as belonging to the type which indicates a capacity for putting two and two together, or for adapting old means to a new end. The Polar bear's simple device did not imply reason in the strict sense, *i.e.*, *conceptual* inference (Man's prerogative), but it strongly suggested intelligence or *perceptual* inference.

On the same plane we should be inclined to rank the behaviour of a dog in taking a basket of eggs through a stile; of an elephant in "shifting the box that she was opening when she found that in a certain position the door would slam to again before she could get her trunk in"; of a dog, afraid of the water, entering a strange boat to follow his master across a river; of another dog adjusting its swimming across a tidal river according to ebb or flow; of Arctic foxes discharging a trap and securing the bait without receiving any hurt; of mares in a flood bringing their foals to the top of a hillock and holding them in their midst.

NEED FOR CAUTION.

Better examples of simple concrete judgments may occur to many, but there is need for caution. "It is so difficult," Professor Lloyd Morgan says, "not to introduce a little dose of reason." The dog poked the basket of eggs through the foot of the stile, ran back a few yards, took the stile at a bound, picked up the basket and went on his way. "Yes," said the narrator, "*he knew the eggs would break if he attempted to leap with the basket.*" But this interpretation is at once unverifiable and unnecessary. An intelligent mammal may have an effective apprehension of the gross situation without having our clearly defined analysed ideas of particular relations.

But, at a lower level, there is also a risk of reading into the animal's behaviour an *intelligence* which is not there. The elephant at the Belle Vue Gardens, Manchester, used to take a penny from a benevolent visitor, put it into the slot of an automatic machine, and get its biscuit. If it received only a halfpenny it would fling it back angrily. "How clever of it!" But Professor L. T. Hobhouse points out that "every stage in the performance was a matter of careful training." The elephant had its trunk patiently guided to the machine, and it required two or three months' schooling before it learned to discriminate between the penny which worked and the halfpenny which did not. A spice of intelligence there was, but not nearly so much as at first sight appeared. Some mammals, such as pigs, are cleverer than they look, but perhaps there are more that seem to be more intelligent than they really are.

INSTINCTIVE CAPACITIES.

What is to be said of the beaver gnawing the base of the tree all round till the breeze snaps the narrow core, of the storing of food by squirrel and hamster, of the harvest mouse making a nest, and scores of similar activities? These are fundamentally *instinctive*, *i.e.*, they are due to inborn pre-arrangements of

nerve cells and muscle cells in effective concatenations, and they are doubtless in their expression suffused with awareness and backed by endeavour. In mammals and birds they seem to be often attended with a certain amount of intelligent supervision, which saves the creature from the tyranny of routine so marked in the more predominantly instinctive animals such as ants and bees.

POWER OF ASSOCIATION.

A bull-terrier called Jasper was studied by Professor J. B. Watson. From behind a screen the owner, Mr. Dixie Taylor, gave certain commands, such as "Go to the next room and bring me a paper lying on the floor." Jasper did this at once and was only at fault when there were several objects in a row. For then he did not always bring the right one. Down on the street, Mr. Taylor said to Jasper: "Go behind me and put your feet on the bicycle." The bicycle was about fifty feet behind Mr. Taylor. The dog trotted immediately to it and did as he was told. The command to put his feet on an automobile about a hundred yards distant was executed with equal readiness. The dog had been taught to do certain things when certain commands were given; it had learned to associate certain sounds with certain pieces of behaviour, and there can be no doubt that some young mammals in wild nature spend a good deal of time in learning their alphabet of woodcraft.

SPELLING, SPEAKING, CALCULATING MAMMALS.

Lord Avebury's dog Van would go to his box of printed cards and select "Food" or "Out" or some other as circumstances suggested. There was an Airedale terrier of Mannheim which would spell out, by means of a "Morse" code of paw-tappings, the word for flower when a drawing of a flower was put before him for consideration, and similarly for other pictures. He worked best when his mistress was there, and one day when she was from home and the psychologists were boring Rolf with pictures, he suddenly tapped out: "It is enough. Will not say any more what it is. . . . All men give me the hump." It was the same dog that used to help the children of the house with their arithmetic! There was another German dog, a setter, that would *vocally* answer "Don" when asked his name, and "Hunger" when asked what ailed it, and so on through eight words, one for each year of his life. The differences in the sounds the dog could utter were interesting, but a visit from a psychologist revealed the fact that the ingenuous owners had always put the dog through his catechism in the same order. When the first question put was what ailed him, or what he wanted, he answered "Don" instead of "Hunger" or "Cake."

It is possible that rapidity in power of association accounts for the mystifying answers that Clever Hans and the horses of Elberfeld gave to arithmetical questions, such as extracting square roots, chalked on the board before them. They tapped the answers—often wrong—with their fore-feet on a sounding-board. Even if there was some means of *rapport* with a clever groom or an ingenuous teacher, a delicate associating power must be put to the credit of the horses.

THE DANCING MOUSE.

This Japanese variety of mouse, with a whimsical tendency to waltz, is a very educable creature. In an ingenious way Professor Yerkes confronted his mouse-pupil with alternative pathways, marked by different degrees of illumination or by different colours. If the mouse chose compartment A, it found a clear passage direct to its nest; if it chose compartment B, it was punished by a mild electric shock and had to take a round-about way home. Needless to say, the A compartment was sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left, else mere position would have counted. What was proved was that the dancing mice could learn to discriminate within limits, so that they eventually chose the right path without any mistake. It is probable that effective control of behaviour on a basis of delicate sensory discrimination is learned in a similar way in wild nature, and the interest of the experimental enquiry has been its strong suggestion that much learning on the part of mammals is like our learning in games of skill, a gradual elimination of the useless and unprofitable, and a gradual selection of the appropriate responses.

HAMPTON COURT MAZE.

The interpretation just referred to is confirmed by many experiments, *e.g.*, with rats, in which the problem is to find the centre of a labyrinth or maze. The animals are first of

all accustomed to meals in the central chamber, and then they serve an apprenticeship to finding their way in, learning best when they have a good appetite. In the course of time they make fewer and fewer useless movements. Finally, in some cases, they make no mistakes at all. The question is whether the pupils remember their successful movements—it would be rather difficult to form a mental picture of a maze—or whether they are obeying the promptings of a constitutional enregistration in which *ideas* have not been involved. Numerous experiments, *e.g.*, with cats and racoons, show that really difficult puzzle-boxes can be mastered, where the successive latches and bolts have to be tackled in a particular order. A fresh trial some considerable time after success had been achieved may begin with what we should call a stupid mistake, and this strongly suggests that the learning is without understanding. They do not really get "the idea of the thing"—this is the animal limitation.

THE DRAWBACKS TO EFFICIENCY.

We watched the other day two high-spirited young goats, and were convinced afresh of the experimental character of much of their play. They let themselves go with such gaiety of adventure, testing what they could do. Animal play is now recognised as the young form of work, the irresponsible apprenticeship to the serious business of life. But it is more, it is

an opportunity animals have of making experiments without too serious responsibilities. Play is Nature's device for allowing elbow-room for new departures in behaviour which may form the raw materials of progress. Hence the importance of studying kittens, puppies, young foxes, young otters, kids, calves, and the like. We get a glimpse of the unstereotyped mammalian mind.

Contrasted with the promising playfulness of youth, the adult life of the ordinary mammal is often disappointing in its matter-of-factness. The chief reason for this is that the struggle for existence prunes off the exuberant and insists on efficient responses to the everyday routine of stimuli. Exceptions must be made for mammals like otters, with complex environment and a versatile life; like elephants, which have intricate social relations; like dogs and horses, which have entered into active alliance with Man. But for the majority, we think, it must be said that they tend to "play for safety." Their behaviour-equipment, which we have credited with some genuine intelligence, with not a few instinctive capacities, and with great power of association and of learning without understanding, is adequate for the everyday conditions of their life, but it is not on sufficiently generous lines to admit of, say, interest in nature! A squirrel is just as clever as it needs to be, and its perfected efficiency has this drawback. Which things are a parable.

SOME OUTDOOR LIFE at the ACADEMY

BY THE MASTER OF CHARTERHOUSE.

I WAS given a free hand as to choice of subject, but a "cast iron limit" as to the number of words I may use. Wherefore, after much wandering round and round, I settled down to contemplate only, for our present purpose, a few of such pictures as were clearly inspired by and inspire the onlooker with some sense of the country and its life—especially such as deal with animals or sport. No further waste, then, of precious words, but let us to our subject. It is so few days since COUNTRY LIFE dealt with the delightful art of A. J. Munnings, A.R.A., in the Alpine Gallery, that I could have almost wished he had not been here. For, once more one has to put his work at the head of everything in its own line. Not that there is anything here

which surpasses what we saw last week, unless it be the portrait (82) of that old and much loved sportsman, Mr. Robins Bolitho, the oldest Master of Hounds in England. This is a true Cornishman in a true Cornwall, on a real horse with real hounds. A portrait of this kind which shall also be a picture true to facts and breathing an atmosphere is very hard to achieve. But it has been done. I write as one who has good memory both of the man and the country. Others by Mr. Munnings are No. 554, "The Green Waggon"; another version of "The Arrival at Epsom"—Harriett, hat and all; No. 443, a most charming gipsy camp scene; and 547, a portrait of the artist's wife. The standard of horse and hound which Mr. Munnings



"ROBINS BOLITHO, ESQ., SENIOR M.F.H. TO-DAY," BY A. J. MUNNINGS.

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"THE EARTH-STOPPER," BY FREDERIC WHITING

Copyright strictly reserved by the artist.

sets is so high that it is no small praise to say that Algernon Talmage falls very little, if at all, behind him in 300, "The Old Hunters," and 344, "The Freshness of the Morning." In both these we are in the open air, and its charm is fully upon us. But horse and hound, in the Munnings' sense, are often absent from Mr. Talmage's work. I fancy that he sees nature from on foot and not often from the back of a hunter. By no means the worst hound picture—they are not numerous—in the show is No. 102, "Buckhounds," a New Forest scene by Miss Arminell Morshead, a young lady who, if she fulfils her present promise, should go far. The hounds are finely drawn and full of individual character. They are of the broad-chested, strong-limbed type which the New Forest needs and gets. The hunt servants and other humans are also well characterised and alive. Miss Morshead need not be afraid to heighten her key. Mr. A. Carruthers Gould, too, has a water-colour (574), nice as such, of the Somerset and Devon on Exmoor. But I shall admit that he somehow does not take me there with him.

I saw no pictures of racing, the most difficult of all subjects, perhaps, to bring inside the region of art. Nor did I encounter any portrait of a racehorse save one not very convincing statuette. And coursing—almost as difficult—is treated with the same respectful silence. It happened that on my way to the Academy I had looked in at the Barbican—a few hundred yards from my home—to see the greyhounds waiting for sale, which included Honeyman, a runner-up in the Waterloo Cup, Hailfellow, Hawklike and many another which have yet to make history, and with my eye full of their beautiful lines I sought in vain to find them again in anything upon the Academy walls. Mr. G. D. Armour's (176) "A Courtier" is fat. Mr. Jack's (23) "Greyhound" (or is he meant for a lurcher?) is a truly lamentable specimen. Mrs. Laura Knight, in her delightful "Summer," gives us a well drawn greyhound at full stretch on the pier—he is eyeing a lobster with an air of distrust which seems to say that he knows an attempt to kill is often very bad policy in a greyhound—but it would not be fair to criticise him when he is the merest accessory. Indeed, the high priest of the greyhound—Furse was well on the way—has yet to come.

Turning from horse and hound to the wild animal pure and simple, we have—how long is it since an academy was without them?—the correct and respectable "Leopards and Tigers"

of Mr. Wardle, though, by the way, the near hind leg of the "Snow Leopard" (27) as a bit of drawing surely leaves something to be desired—at any rate, in the way of forcefulness. And here let me say that by far the finest piece of animal drawing and character is the charcoal of a cat (885) in the black-and-white room by Miss Elsie Henderson. Steinlen might well envy this fine little work. Of other wild beast presentations Mr. J. C. Dollman's (265) "Up a Tree" can only be called an opportunity lost. The amiable bow-wows, a very large pack of them, which should be wolves, and which sit in the snow around a tree in whose branches some animal or man (out of the picture) has taken refuge, are wholly wanting in wolf-like character. The refugee might descend in safety. By the way, I forgot to mention earlier an excellent breezy portrait (182), "The Earth-Stopper," by F. Whiting. Not a professional earth-stopper surely, with that keen, educated face? The two wire-haired fox-terriers which he holds under either arm are perhaps as big as they should be for their job, but most happily painted and full of character, and the man and his dogs are a true bit from the open air. And if it be lawful to include in this category one who is neither landscape nor beast, "Sir William MacCormack" (14), by Sir William Orpen—a very fine portrait—my excuse must be that that sun-browned face, those shrewd and kindly wrinkles were never won for their owner by sitting indoors.

Of other works, without being pictures of sport or of animals, though they often include them, there are, of course, quite a large number which have in them the breath of the country. I am so nearing "cast iron limit" that I can name but a few; for instance, "The Waveney Marshes," by Arnesby Brown (44); "A Summer Sea, Iona," by Leslie Thomson (273); "Third Year Pollards," by Bertram Priestman (269); "In the Doone Valley," by Harry Watson (292); "On the West Highland Coast," by Adrian Stokes (319); "Ferretting," by Gerald Moira (354), and others by the same men. You shall get fresh air and memories from any of these. By the way, what have we poor fishermen done to be so left out in the cold? I tried to feel trouty and failed save in a very second-rate degree. There is rather a good pencilling (883) of a trout, a half-pounder, a little too palpably from a dead fish; and Mr. La Thangue, in "A Provençal Trout Stream" (60), gives us two boys about to "howk out" trout with a stick and a worm. And so home—disconcerted. G. S. DAVIES.



A TRIP TO BRIGHTON (1824).

DRIVING DAYS.—I

By V. A. WILSON.

Illustrated from prints in the collection of Messrs. Arthur Ackerman and Son, 157A, New Bond Street, W.

"DRIVING four horses is a pretty hart," said Chester Billy, one of the old stage coachmen who loved his profession. The bucks of the Regency very cordially endorsed his opinion, for at the opening of the nineteenth century driving took pre-eminence of all other sports. Charles Mathews, the actor, caricatured the prevailing fashion in his "Bang Up" song when, dressed as an amateur coachman, he appeared on the stage as Dick Cipher, "belonging to the honourable neck or nothing, having gone through all the gradations, of buggy, gig and dog-cart, tandem, curricule, unicorn and four-in-hand; neglected nothing, dashed at everything—pegg'd at a jarvey—tool'd a mail coach, and now have attained the credit of being bang up."

With spirits gay I mount the box, the tits up to their traces,
My Elbows squar'd, my wrist turn'd down, dash off to Epsom races.
With Buxton bit, bridoon so trim, three chestnuts and a grey,
Well coupl'd up my leaders then, ya hip, we bowl away.
Some push along with four-in-hand, while others drive at random,
In whiskey, buggy, gig or dog-cart, curricule or tandem.

Coaching as a sport owed its introduction to the Kentish squire, Mr. John Warde, better known as the "Father of English Foxhunting." He frequently drove the Birmingham and Gloucester coaches in the early days when coaches, cattle and roads were all about as bad as they could be. It was owing to his representations that the coach box was furnished with springs, despite the agitation of nervous travellers who foretold that unless the coachmen were jolted frequently and effectively, they would assuredly go to sleep on the box.

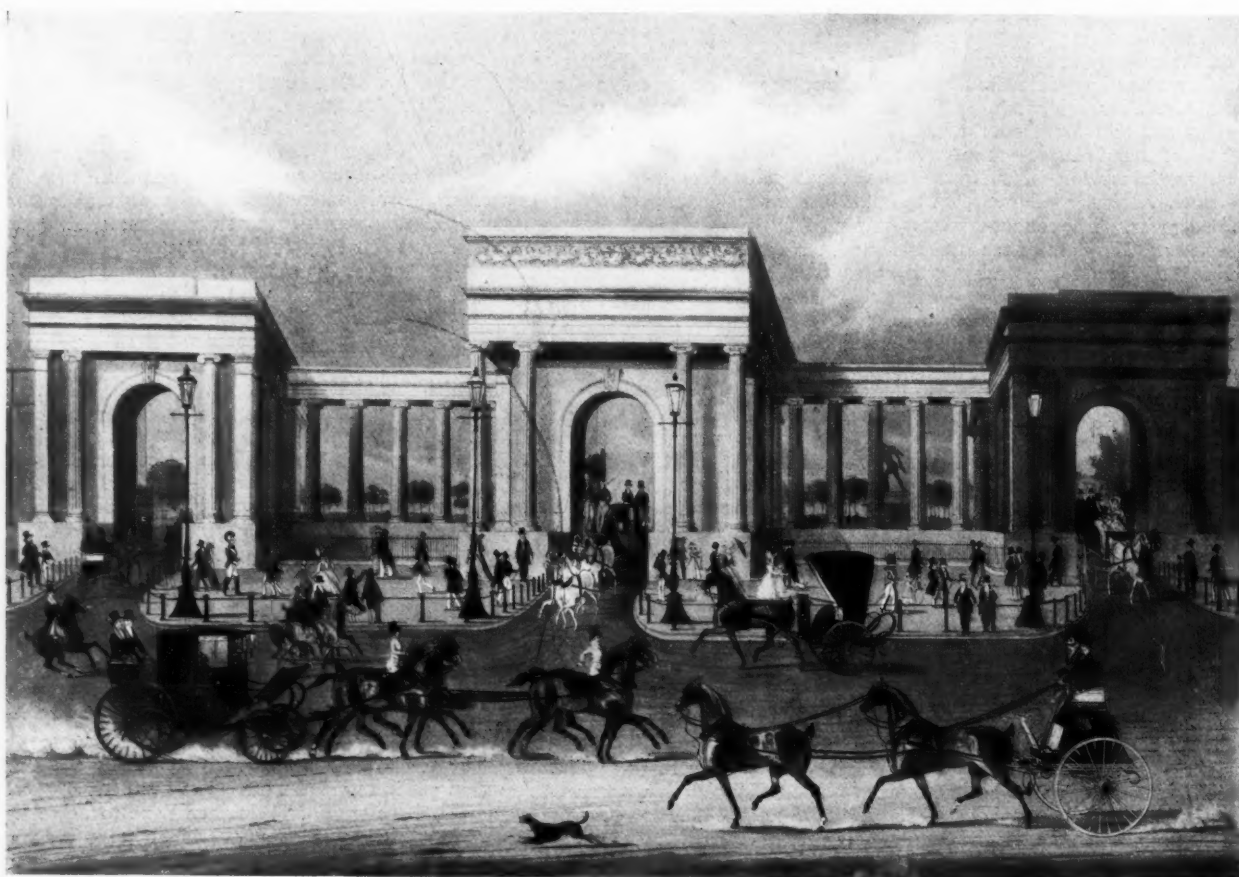
In 1807 Mr. Warde, with twenty-four other coaching enthusiasts, formed the famous Benson Driving Club, soon abbreviated in name to the B.D.C. Twice a year the members drove to dine at the White Hart at Benson, in Oxfordshire, and twice to the Black Dog at Bedfont, fourteen miles from town.

A great feature of the evening's entertainment was singing the B.D.C. song:

You ask me gents to sing a song,
Don't think me too encroaching,
I won't detain you very long,
With one of mine on coaching.
No rivalry have we to fear,
Nor jealous need we be, sir,
We all are friends who muster here,
And in the B.D.C., sir.

Those were the days when Peyton's grays,
To Bedfont led the way, sir,
And Villebois followed with his bays,
In beautiful array, sir.
Then Spicer, too, came next in view,
To join the gay procession.
Oh! the dust we made—the cavalcade,
Was neat beyond expression.

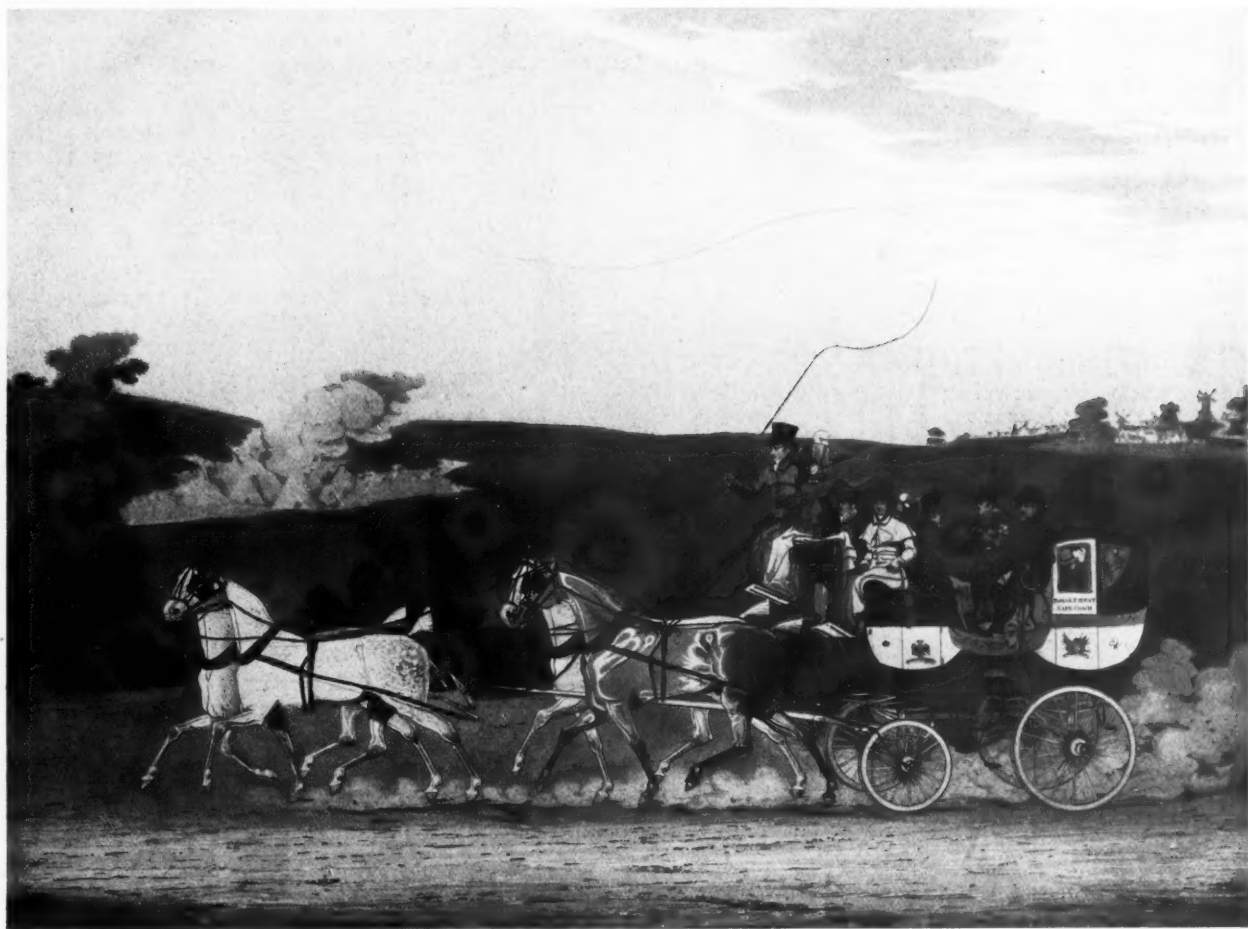
No turnpike saw a fancy team
More neat than Dolphin sported,
When o'er the stones with Charley Jones
To Bedfont they resorted.
Few graced the box as much as Cox,
But there were none I ween, sir,
Who held the reins 'twixt here and Staines,
More slap up than the Dean, sir. Etc.



HYDE PARK CORNER (James Pollard 1828).



TANDEM (*James Pollard*).



BRIGHTON COACH (*James Pollard*).

After dinner the members "dashed home in a style of speed and splendour equal to the spirit and judgment displayed by the noble, honourable and respective drivers." Not infrequently, when toasts had been many, the coachmen made up in recklessness what they lacked in judgment. "My horses have but two paces by lamp light, a walk and a gallop. Which will you have?" asked one driver of the visitor seated beside him on the box.

A gallop it was; and where did they pull up? "Why, between the two last horses of an eight horse Exeter waggon."

Members of the B.D.C. were mighty particular about their driving whips, and Swaine and Adeney, the whip makers of Piccadilly, who supplied most of them, had a special whip mount made showing a coach and four driving up to the Black Dog at Bedford. The great whip makers in those days did a thriving trade all over England. As it was impossible to send the actual whips, miniature replicas were made of all the chief models. These the travellers carried with them when they started off with their pack horses to visit the country districts. By this means, not only could the squire select his driving whip and hunting crop, but for madam, his wife, there were light riding whips cunningly provided with a silk parasol to shade her complexion, or having a scent bottle concealed in a handle.

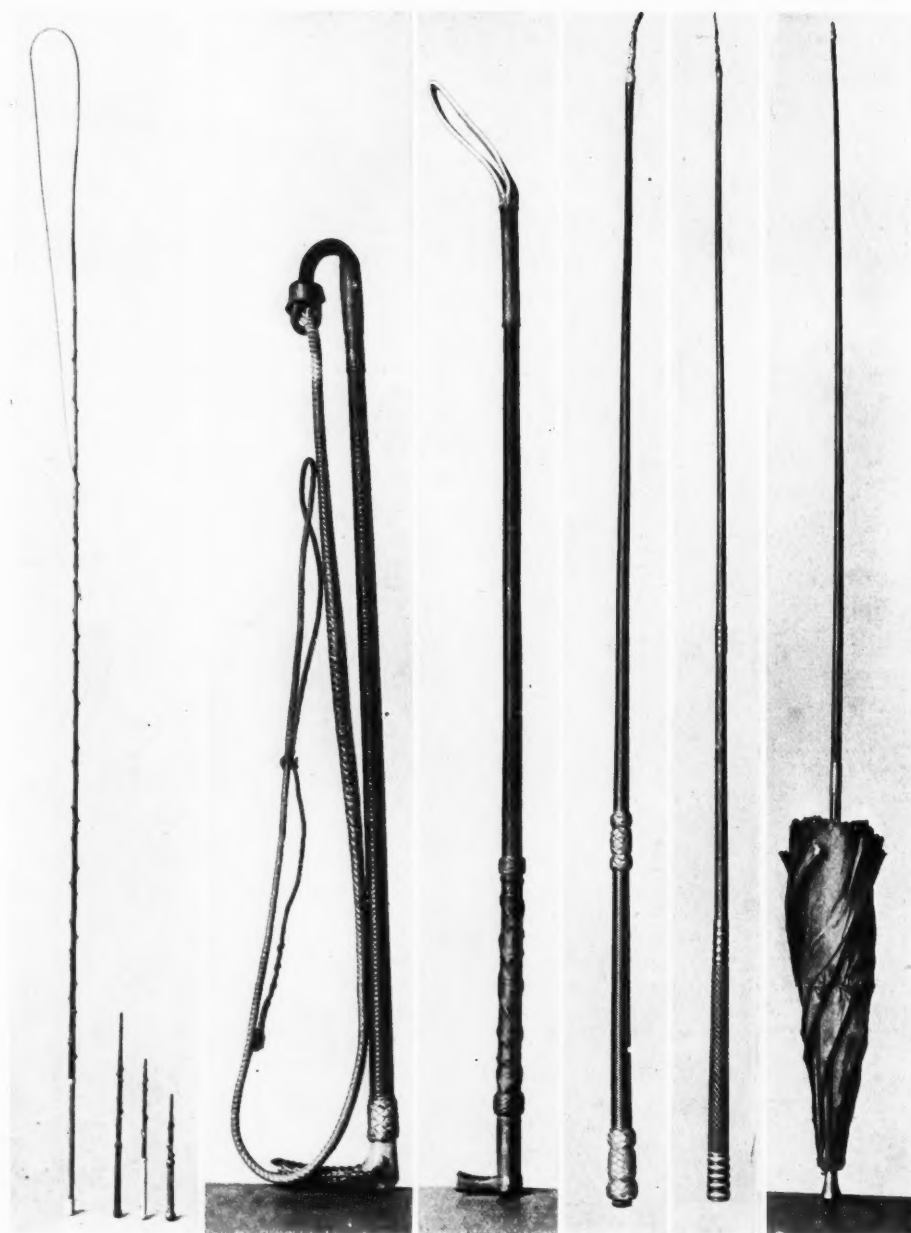
The B.D.C. soon had a rival in the Four Horse Club. When the members drove round Cavendish Square they created considerable sensation by their "Uniform." They all wore many-caped drab-coloured coats with three tiers of pockets. The fastenings were huge mother of pearl buttons engraved with coaching, hunting and shooting designs. They had low-crowned, broad-brimmed hats on their heads, and gave a finishing touch to their get-up by wearing enormous flowered bouquets as buttonholes.

The costume of an amateur coachman was liable to be so eccentric that when Lord Chesterfield founded the Richmond Driving Club he laid especial stress on the fact that the members "should drive like coachmen, but look like gentlemen." The stipulation had justification, for would-be coachmen copied the "swell dragomen," as the drivers of the fast coaches were called, so closely that the difference in appearance between them ceased to be appreciable.

On Epsom Downs,
Says Billy, "zounds,"
That cannot be Lord Jackey.
Egad, but now,
I see it is,
I took him for his lackey.



MINIATURE WHIPS.



OLD WHIPS IN THE COLLECTION OF MESSRS. SWAINE AND ADENEY, 185, PICCADILLY, W.

Some amateur coachmen eventually joined the ranks of the professionals. Sir S. Vincent Cotton, when he had run through his fortune, took to driving a Brighton coach as a means of livelihood. To Brighton, also, Mr. Stevenson, nicknamed "The Cambridge Graduate," tooled his coach with its silver-mounted harness and liveried servants. "The Age" was the best appointed coach on the road, and the fortunate passengers were

regaled with sherry and sandwiches when the coach changed horses. Conducted on these lines, Mr. Stevenson did not make his venture a financial success. He got plenty of fun out of it though, for "his passion for the bench got the better of all other ambitions." On his deathbed he imagined himself back on the box of his coach, and calling out, "Let them go, George, I've got 'em," fell back and died.

THE GREAT LOVER'S MIND*

MR. DRINKWATER embarked on a great adventure when he dipped his pen into ink for the purpose of writing a drama on Mary Queen of Scots. He has done nothing like it before. The best of his literary work is to be found in those folk plays that could never bring a fortune from the limelight, but won the admiration of all who knew the value of taste and simplicity in writing. The Abraham Lincoln play depended more than any of those on a certain topicality. In Mary Queen of Scots Mr. Drinkwater has chosen a great theme which never has been satisfactorily treated in dramatic literature, though it has more than the essentials for such a work. Mary Queen of Scots has left behind her a magical remembrance of love and beauty such as is woven round the names of Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, and Guinevere, most of all. In her personality there was a glamour not exceeded by that of any of the other great dead queens. Whatever the view held of her character, her memory will live in remembrance as that of a great lover such as occurs by the million in novels and by the one in a million in real life. Her environment was as dramatic as could be wished. The grey old palace of Holyrood standing at the foot of Arthur's Seat looked like what it was, a stage for a tragedy to place beside those of ancient Greece. The wild Scottish nobles, rash, reckless, indifferent to the laws of God or man, Edinburgh crowds that buzzed out of the closes and narrow streets on very slight provocation, the stark and fierce actors, might have come straight from the same source as those in *Edipus Rex*; and the Scotland of the time developed another element with which the queen was forced to come into contact, though not into sympathy. Its spirit was embodied in the grizzled head and lean body clothed in the preacher's black gown of John Knox. In religious matters he was as tempestuous a subject as any member of Mary's intractable Court. To do such a theme justice required a Shakespeare, who, had he thought of it, would have placed Mary in the gallery that holds Rosalind and Beatrice. Probably all this occurred to Mr. Drinkwater. We would be guilty of undervaluing his intelligence if we did not recognise as much, but his was scarcely the muse to carry the work through on such a scale of grandeur. He preferred to reduce it to a simple episode such as was easily manageable by one of his skill. Instead of launching, as Swinburne did, a frontal attack and trying to picture the queen and the others of the *dramatis personæ* as they lived and moved, he carves out a cunning little piece from life and brings in the drama of Queen Mary as a gloss or illustration.

The opening of the play, which is of the character of a prologue, is set at the beginning of the twentieth century, where at his house in Edinburgh an old man called Andrew Boyd holds converse with a young friend named John Hunter. The young man is disturbed by the discovery that his wife has fallen in love with her husband's friend, Finlay. The aged and experienced Boyd chides the youth for talking about his honour. "Your honour is pride, a poor brute jealousy, cruelty," and he lays down the hard doctrine, hard that is for us, that if she loved finely she will withdraw her love from no man unless he is unworthy. There is no need to go further into this, useless either to blame or praise it, because such talk is entirely artificial. We hasten to say that the dispute which had been carried on under the portrait of Queen Mary ends by a rustle being heard outside on the terrace and Mary Stuart appearing at the window. In the words of the stage directions "Boyd and Hunter and the portrait and the moonlit terrace pass into nothingness, and we see Mary Stuart's room in Holyrood on the evening of March the ninth, 1566."

Mary wakes from a sleep on a couch where Mary Beaton has been seated beside her reading and begins to speak of the lovers of whom apparently she had been dreaming:

Riccio, Darnley, Bothwell. You must not breathe a word of Bothwell, Beaton. That must not be known. But they make a poor, shabby company.

It would serve no purpose to compare the creatures of Mr. Drinkwater's imagination with the conceptions of character we

have drawn from history, as the playwright is quite entitled to make them whatever suits his purpose. Yet we cannot help saying that Riccio cuts a very paltry and insignificant figure in this play. We know from his history that he must have had a craft and a guile all his own and was not the sort of whom the queen could talk, as she does here, as though he were a lap-dog or some other spoiled pet. It is a matter of opinion whether this weak-kneed, thin-blooded parody of the crafty Italian does or does not adversely affect the dramatic quality of the play. It makes us wonder why the rude Scottish lords thought him worthy of their indignation; yet to what savagery he had roused them is proved by the fact that fifty-six wounds were found in his body after he had been thrown out of the window. There is more of the time's atmosphere in the well known comment of the porter than there is in the whole of this play. He concealed the body in an old chest that stood in the courtyard, with the comment, "Upon this chest was his first bed when he entered into the place and now here he lieth again, a very ingrate and misknown knave." The dallying with Riccio, the bickering with Darnley and the rough love-making of Bothwell, although they practically form all that there is of the drama, are not sufficient to impress upon the mind "this Mary's best magnificence of the great lover's mind." Mr. Drinkwater probably thought it was useless to quest for the spirit of the past or to raise again from the dead those suitors and partisans that thronged the Edinburgh of Mary's day and made the streets of the old town ring with the clang of their armour and the cries of their victims. That would have necessitated a long imaginative sojourn in the past, so the dramatist has been content to weave his play around a snippet of history that seems the more insignificant because it is torn away from its ancient environment. But we must in fairness quote the four verses which sum up the drama:

Ill names there are, as Lethington,
Moray, Elizabeth;
By craft of these I am undone,
And love is put to death.

Though brighter wit I had than these,
Their cunning brought me down;
But Mary's love-story shall please
Better than their renown.

Mary the lover be my tale
For the wise men to tell,
When Moray joins Elizabeth
And Lethington in hell.

Not Riccio nor Darnley knew,
Nor Bothwell, how to find
This Mary's best magnificence
Of the great lover's mind.

*Mary Stuart, by John Drinkwater. (Sidgwick and Jackson.)

BOOKS WORTH READING

TRAVEL AND BIOGRAPHY.

A Tour in a Donkey Cart, being the Life and Art of Frances Jennings, with introductory notes by Professor Tonks, and an Introduction by Isabel Derby, and thirty-two illustrations in collotype. (The Bodley Head, £1 1s.)

A Hundred Years in the Highlands, by Osgood Mackenzie. (Edward Arnold, 16s.)

The Basque Country, by Romilly and Katherine Fedden. (Black, 20s.).

FICTION.

Pleasure, by Alec Waugh. (Grant Richards, 8s. 6d.)

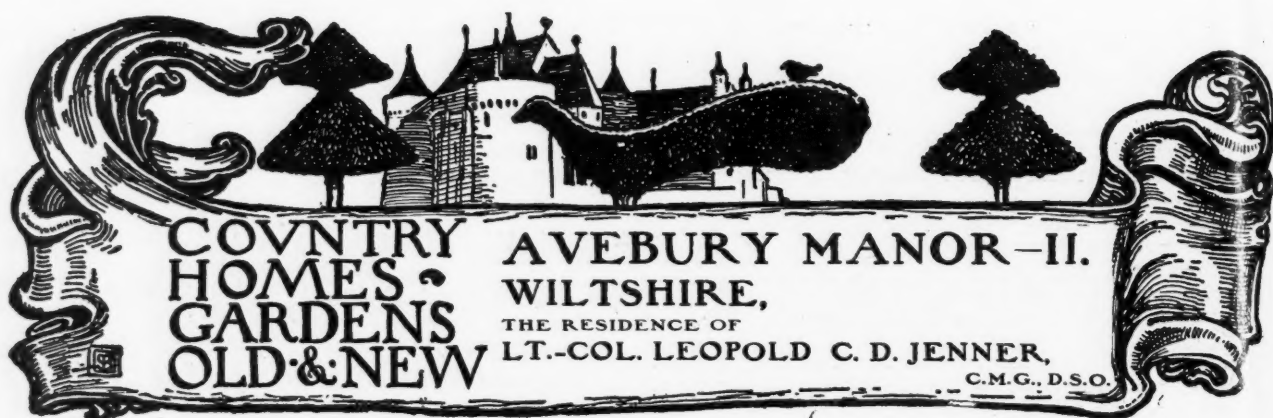
Torchlight, by Baroness Leonie Arminoff. (Dent, 8s.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Theatre Advancing, by E. Gordon Craig. (Constable, 31s. 6d.)

A History of French Architecture, 1661-1774, by Reginald Blomfield. Two vols. (G. Bell and Sons, £4 4s.)

Hiroshige, by Yone Noguchi, with nineteen collotype illustrations and a coloured frontispiece. (Elkin Mathews, 25s.)



IT was a financial arrangement consequent upon his third marriage that brought about the purchase of Avebury by Sir Richard Holford. As it was to a younger son that Westonbirt eventually passed, its heiress will have been the second wife, and she must have died before 1689, when Sir Richard wedded Suzanna Trotman. As she was one of the fairly numerous children of the owner of Syston Court, near Bristol, she will not have brought much grist to the mill, but was able to require substantial settlements from the well-to-do widower she was marrying. We find that he bound himself to buy additional land to the value of £7,000 to pass to the widow at his death and from her to any children of the marriage, and only failing those to his heir-at-law, that is to his eldest son, and his descendants. All this takes place. To Sir Richard and his wife Suzanna a son Samuel is born, and Avebury is bought for £7,500. At Sir Richard's death in 1718 the widow comes into possession and is succeeded four years later by Samuel. Samuel only survives her six years, so that in 1730 Richard Holford is owner of Avebury and of lands in Beckhampton, which had been bought and added to Suzanna's dower in 1712. Richard is eldest son to Sir Richard's eldest son, but the wealthy man of the family is Robert, son and heir of the Westonbirt heiress. Like his father before him and his son Peter after him, he was a Master in Chancery—a capable, strenuous man, not prepared to forego his due, and, as a step-nephew whom we shall find in possession of Avebury considered, even inclined to overstep it. So, when nephew Richard succeeds to all that had been settled on brother Samuel, Robert points out that he has upon these lands "a claim of debt of upwards of two thousand pounds," and that as he has not that amount in ready money he had better let him have the Beckhampton farm, "worth more than five thousand pounds," to discharge the

above recited debt. When persuasion failed intimidation was resorted to. "He terrified Bullied his said Nephew Richard Holford with variety of Bugg Bears of impeaching the title of this & the Avebury Estate"; and so Beckhampton became his. There the matter ended, but the Westonbirt branch kept an eye on Avebury. Richard Holford at his death in 1742 left it to his brother, Staynor Holford, who was, in any case, heir-at-law. But when it came to Staynor bequeathing it twenty-five years later to Arthur Jones, a half-brother with no Holford blood in his veins, the Westonbirt branch, then represented by Robert's eldest son Peter, considering that the original settlement might still hold, showed an inclination to dispute the will. Peter "behaved ill" to Arthur Jones, as the latter thought, and moreover he was "ignorant, impertinent and foolish, for he was not content with this behaviour but went directly to the Commons & did lodge a Caveat against the Will of his Cousin Staynor Holford before the said Will was entered at the said office." Being, however, soon after "better informed," he revoked the caveat and Arthur Jones continued in possession. But during all the years he survived his half-brother he nourished resentment against Peter Holford, and seemed never to be quite certain that the latter would not revive a claim against him and his devisees after him. Hence innumerable letters and notes as to the value and title to the estate, which documents have survived and we are able from them to get into some personal touch with Avebury and its inmates in Georgian times. Sir Richard Holford's chief source of wealth must have been the Westonbirt property, which he only enjoyed through his second wife and which went to her son. His settlement on his third wife and her son will have left little to go to his son and grandson by his first wife, as we may judge from the failure of Richard Holford, when he succeeded Samuel, to find two thousand



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1.—THE SOUTH-WEST CORNER OF THE HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



2.—THE LIBRARY.

It lies to the left of the 1601 porch and passage.

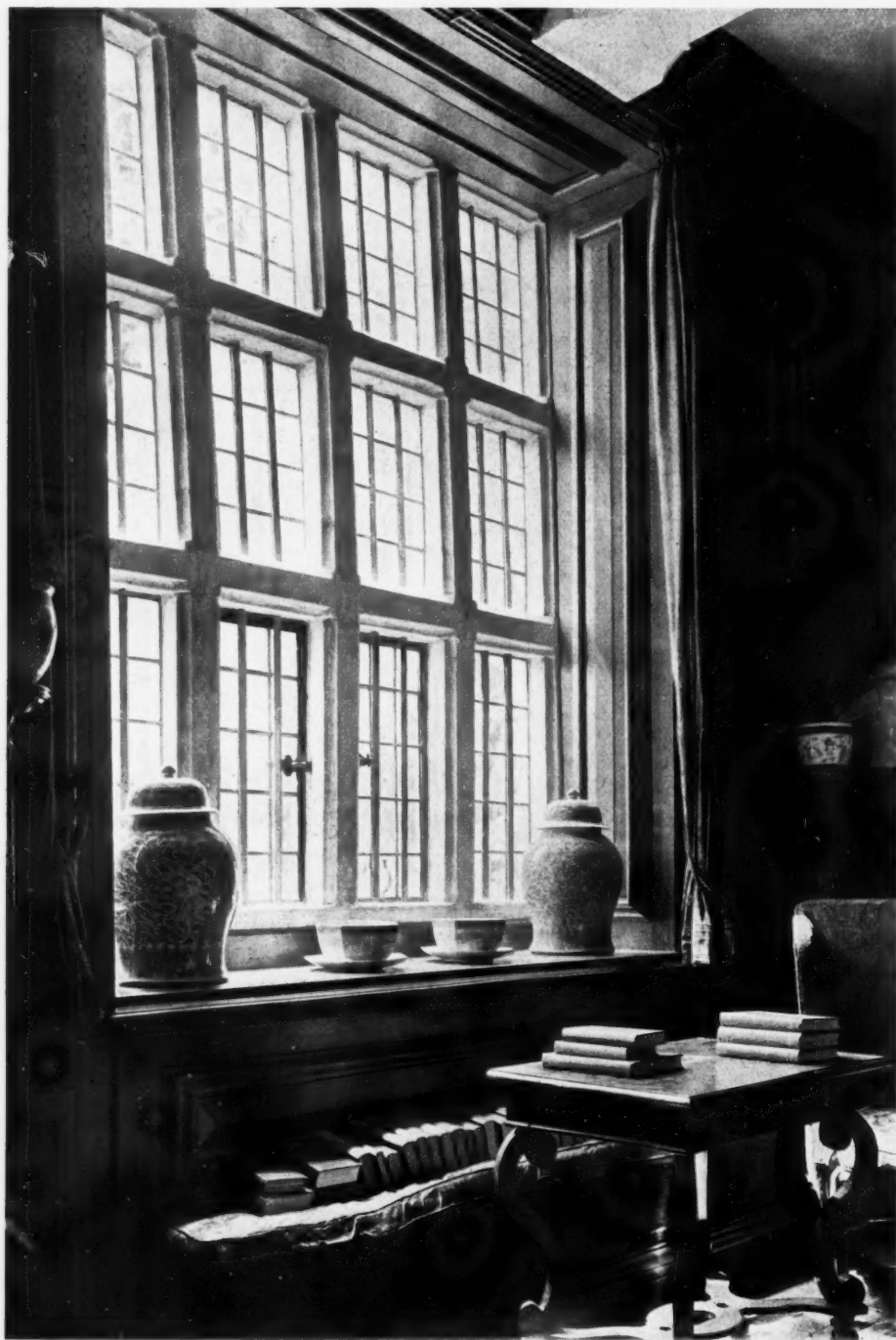
"COUNTRY LIFE."

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pounds otherwise than by parting with a considerable slice of that inheritance. Thus the picture of Avebury from 1730-89 is that of a place cherished by its resident owners, but maintained only by good management and thrift. To that it owes much of its present charm. There was great desire and just enough means to keep it from decay; but there was no means, if there was a desire, to submit it to such transformations as would bring it into line with successive waves of taste. The sashed bay window to the right of the entrance doorway, and a little two-gabled addition to the offices bearing the initials of Staynor Holford, are the modest features that speak of this period. Here the two bachelors, Staynor Holford and his

denied to Staynor Holford, who died in 1767, only a few months after his mother. Arthur Jones was now left alone, and during the twenty-two further years that he lived was somewhat obsessed with the responsibility. Was his right to the estate under his half-brother's will incontestable? Was he doing his best to maintain the traditions and the dignity of the manor? Was he taking care that these should continue when he was gone? Was he selecting among his relations the one best circumstanced to carry on the place? Every now and again these problems insistently call for solution, and hence the repetition of lengthy last wishes and prudent advice written down for or dictated to whoever was, at the moment, his destined

heir. At first he picks Richard Jones out of the various nephews and nieces who "stand on the same ground of Consanguinity one with the other, & have not done anything particular to displease me," and he is the recipient of instructions as to the exact steps to take not only on his uncle's demise, but during his last illness. He is to come at once when news reaches him of "Any Severe Illness" and give "close and personal attendance" on his uncle. He is to procure immediate "Medical Help from Devizes and Marlborough" and "if such Illness should threaten to baffle all Endeavours let Every Art be used to keep the Feet Warm." If such "Art" is unavailing to save the sufferer and the end has apparently come, he is not at once "to be Striped his Bed Cloths under pretence of Making a Handsome Corpse" and only ultimately is he to be transferred to a "Double Coffin" the lid of which is not to be screwed down till quite undoubted evidence of death supervenes "which 'tis most probable, the Weather Considered, may be about the Seventh day." The weather he is considering is probably that of September 27th, 1780, when he dictates these instructions, but to them three years later he adds a note that it is not this nephew but a niece who is to be sent for "as the disposition of my affairs are altered." In 1772 his niece "Nanny" had married Adam Williamson, a soldier of a soldier family. Marlborough had promoted his grandfather from ensign to lieutenant on the field of Ramillies in 1706. Fifteen years later his father started a career in the Artillery which was to continue for sixty years, as he still held the appointment of Inspector-General of Artillery in America when he died in 1781. Adam Williamson himself began soldiering as a lad of fifteen in 1751. Throughout the Seven Years War he was serving in North America and in 1759 "was pitched upon by General Wolfe to serve under him at Quebec," where he was badly wounded. He had been serving as aide-de-camp to the Viceroy of Ireland when he married Anne Jones, whose father was for twenty years before he died Comptroller of Artillery, while her mother, a Pelham, is called "an heiress." Although by no means well off, the Williamsons were substantial folk, well connected, known to society and the Royal family, and all this weighed with Arthur Jones. The old bachelor meant to leave something to his numerous relations, and when all legacies were paid Avebury would not keep itself, although rent and dues had improved and the farm which he had



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3.—THE LIBRARY WINDOW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

half-brother Arthur Jones, lived with their mother, widowed a second time. Farming, estate management and local affairs were the chief source of interest and occupation. A tenant's delayed payment of rent, and Arthur Jones' "great attack of the Gout in his right foot" which only lasted one night, are the salient topics in a letter Staynor Holford wrote to a brother-in-law in 1760. He is on quite amicable terms with his cousin Peter of Westonbirt, who in 1763 writes him a full account of the "affairs" of a brother who had died in India. At Avebury they "live temperately and regularly, take moderate exercise and are much in the Air." They are therefore in "the reasonable way to obtain health & long life." Yet the latter was

denied to Staynor Holford, who died in 1767, only a few months after his mother. Arthur Jones was now left alone, and during the twenty-two further years that he lived was somewhat obsessed with the responsibility. Was his right to the estate under his half-brother's will incontestable? Was he doing his best to maintain the traditions and the dignity of the manor? Was he taking care that these should continue when he was gone? Was he selecting among his relations the one best circumstanced to carry on the place? Every now and again these problems insistently call for solution, and hence the repetition of lengthy last wishes and prudent advice written down for or dictated to whoever was, at the moment, his destined



4.—THE DINING-ROOM.
It is the hall of the 1601 building lying left of the porch and passage.



5.—THE GREAT CHAMBER.
It lies over the dining-room.

managed for twenty-five years was "in very Great Order of Husbandry." His heir must, therefore, have some independent means, and that realisable, so that the estate should not be encumbered. That his nephew well knew "long before he had determined to marry, & when that affair was in treaty, I told him that as the young Woman had little or no fortune, it entirely defeated my intention or wishes to make him my Representative. No regard was paid to what I said on this occasion but the Consummation rather hastened." A person who thus deliberately put his love affairs in front of the requirements of Avebury Manor was no heir for Arthur Jones, and Anne Williamson takes that place in his will, and, at Avebury in June, 1783, she starts the note-book in which she writes down "part of his discourses" on property holding and estate management, the last entry being in May, 1789, when she is "paying him all the attention in her power" during his last illness. That is going on, not without hopes of recovery, when Adam Williamson, who had long before obtained colonel's rank, attends a Drawing Room in June where, "tho' it was

of succession when her husband, now a general, was appointed Commander-in-Chief and Lieutenant-Governor of Jamaica. From Falmouth on September 9th, 1790, he wrote a farewell letter to his wife at Avebury before setting sail in the "packett" which is all ready for him and the wind fair. Next she hears from him from Jamaica, and, in a long answering letter she wrote from London the following March, the burden of her song is when she can join him. She did so when summer came, and three years later there are letters to her from those left in charge at Avebury, "Black Betty" and the gardener. The latter reports on the growth of trees and the crop of fruit. He sends a plan of a proposed hot-house "and nearbeay what it will coarst in buildinge." He has had "221 lb cherris, have made them all into Cheri Brandi." Alas! the mistress was never to get home to enjoy his brew, for even as he was writing she was struck down with yellow fever. The general exchanged the Jamaica command for the St. Domingo Governorship and was not back in England until 1798. He returned only to die, for in the October of that year he "died from the effects of a



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6.—THE DRAWING ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

It lies to the right of the entrance door and occupies the south end of the Dunch building.

exceedingly crowded, the cloaths & head dresses were very little discomposed," and where, as he writes to his wife at Avebury, "the Queen in her accustomed kind manner asked very civilly after you." In July, however, letters of condolence reach Mrs. Williamson, one from a friend who has heard of "Mr. Jones change from this world I hope for a better," but who herself is full of interest in the details of this one, and as she supposes Mrs. Belford, a sister of Mrs. Williamson, is now likely to come home from the Continent, proposes to write and—

desire her to bring my Sisters & Self each a Nite gown & Pettycoat of the richest & gravest silks she can meet with, if she be near or comes any way near Lyons, beleave that is the best place for silks, when I hear her intentions to move shall remitt her money for the silks & a bit of Lace for Handkercheif & Ruffils, I beleave all must be made up for herself, who I beleave is about our hits, to save being seased by the coustoms People.

How far Anne Williamson would have realised Arthur Jones' expectation of her as resident owner of Avebury was never to be tested. She had not cleared off the business and difficulties

fall at Avebury House," as we read in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The fall, says tradition, was from his chair in the dining-room (Fig. 4).

Avebury then went back to the Joneses, but never again was used by them as a residence. It was let with the farm, although all the family movables, pictures and furniture alike, remained in the house. When an aged farmer, who had followed his father in occupation of the farm, died at the beginning of this century, Colonel Jenner became tenant of the house and in 1907 exchanged tenancy for freehold. There was much to be done. Necessary repairs, effected somewhat more with a view to economy than correctness, were all that had been undertaken for over a century. New ideas as to amenities and convenience, both in house and garden, had developed in the meantime, and Colonel and Mrs. Jenner set themselves to work with combined zeal and judgment. They knew what the place was capable of from living there as tenants. The study of ancient English life at its best—its architecture, its decoration, its furniture, as well as its pastimes and habits—had been their

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pleasure. Avebury was as thoroughly suited to them as they were to Avebury. A dozen years of thoughtful work and continued occupation have made the manor a singularly complete and satisfying example of a very delightful type of a long existent and much enduring English country house. Of the garden as it now is something was said last week when illustrations of it were given. I well remember its autumnal charm in the glorious days that ended last September. The edges of the trim lush green lawns were enlivened with many a late flower—all the lustier for the ill behaviour of the previous summer months. Passing through the yew hedge and shrubbery that divide the south lawn from the west garden a rich display of form and colour met the eye. A straight walk some 80yds. long led up to a seat, and on either side, between walk and evergreen hedge, montbretias, heleniums and verbascums mingled their yellows with the pinks and whites of lavateras. In the numerous bays contrived by the cut yew scheme of the segmental garden Michaelmas daisies and Japanese anemones mixed their blues and pinks and were associated with phloxes and snapdragons. Amid dark foliaged evergreens a tall specimen of *Rhus typhina* stood up in its richest autumnal leafage—a very column of flame. In the yellow sunlight the warm grey house—stone and plaster brought to the same hue and quality by the patina of lichens and the weathering of time—was a background for sufficient and selected wall shrubs, such as the great photinia dentata that hangs over the old lead cistern in the south-west corner (Fig. 1), or the *Crataegus pyracantha* that is allowed to carry single berry-bearing stems up the window mullions. As the afternoon wore on longer shadows were cast across the level sward by sundial, tree and shrub and especially by the huge topiary clump seen in last week's illustration. Although there is a little yew in it, yet it is almost entirely composed of a couple of very ancient box trees, as one discovers when one pushes through into the interior of this even surfaced evergreen dome 30yds. in circumference. Was it there in the days of Dunch and Stawel, or was it set by the first Holford and then nurtured and topiaried by his descendants? Was it one of the many little details with which Arthur Jones so conscientiously concerned himself while he lived, and at his death handed over to the care of niece "Nanny" and her general? Well it is that it suffered no neglect during the century of tenancies, for it—no less than the picturesque house whose gables rise so pleasantly above the brick wall Staynor Holford set across the kitchen garden—is one of those inspiring features that arouse a living picture of the past in the mind of the happy saunterer in this little paradise.

Step inside the house and you find equal if not even greater



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7.—THE ENTRANCE HALL.
It lies to the left of the entrance door.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

8.—THE SOUTH BEDCHAMBER.
It lies over the drawing-room.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

source of interest and delight. The old Dunch entry is low and narrow, you take a step down into the room to the right which has been thrown into it to make a sitting-hall lit by the sashed bay and lined with wainscoting and bookshelves (Fig. 7). Turn to the left past the stair and you exchange the 8ft. height of the old Dunch rooms for the 11ft. of the Mervyn reconstitution of the drawing-room (Fig. 6). It is lit on three sides with stone mullioned and transomed windows; of stone also is the chimney-piece, but only portions of it are ancient, for during the former tenancy period the chimneybreast and wall showed signs of collapse, and the whole was patched up, the room suffering some loss of its Elizabethan features. But parts of its broken and discarded chimneypiece were found in an outhouse. These were carefully put together again and what was missing replaced. Closed up windows were reopened and the walls relined with old oak wainscoting. The ceiling is original and is an interesting example of the narrow-ribbed manner that prevailed under Elizabeth. It is angular in scheme, whereas the similar and synchronous example in the bedroom above is curvilinear and enriched by animal and vegetable devices set in the enclosed spaces (Fig. 8). Here, too, is a fine untouched mantelpiece, said to be the very one of Compton Bassett stone mentioned by Aubrey. But he describes the one he saw as "carved in figures," so that it was probably of the type that carried entablatures on caryatids and may have been in the hall or great chamber of the 1601 building, these rooms having been fully redecorated a century later by Sir Richard Holford. In the hall—now the dining-room (Fig. 4)—he introduced carved and pedimented doorways and mantelpiece, a bold cornice and a dado, the space between these being hung with tapestry or other woven material. Except this material, now represented by a flock paper imitative of a Genoa cut velvet of the period, the room is as Sir Richard left it, and this applies also to the Great Chamber above it (Fig. 5), where the wainscoted walls are surmounted by a deep plaster cove and enriched ceiling. Like the room below, the chamber is some 30ft. long by 20ft. wide and 15ft. high. It

rather called for one of those tall upholstered beds that prevailed when Anne was Queen. Mrs. Jenner, who combines admirable taste in needlework with energetic assiduity in its production, determined, with her needle and the help of a carpenter, to create a specimen founded on the most complete and elaborate needlework examples of the time. To have worked these vast expanses of fine canvas might appear to many a life task. But it was only an incident in the Avebury upholstering undertaken by its châtelaine, to whom are due the coverings of the settees, chairs and stools that appear in the illustrations of the various rooms, except in the case of those pieces that had preserved their original upholstery. Such are more particularly mentioned in the short following article illustrating a few select examples of the host of admirable old pieces that so fully and sympathetically furnish every room in the house. A word, however, as to the library before this article closes. We have already seen that the Mervyn porch (Fig. 1) gives entry to a passage with a hall to the right and, on the left, a space similarly fenestrated. It is uncertain whether this, on the ground floor, was a lofty and spacious room, or whether the old plan of locating here a pantry and other low offices, ceiled at half window height, was adopted. There was some evidence of the latter when Colonel Jenner came into occupation and found this space unfloored, disused, almost ruinous. He converted it into a library (Fig. 2) of the period of Sir Richard Holford, with big outstanding panels and bolection moulded marble fire-arch such as William III was putting into Hampton Court at the time when Sir Richard was buying Avebury in accordance with the settlement made on his third wife. The result is wholly satisfactory. It is a delightful room for either converse or study, and the Late Renaissance woodwork in no way jars with the dignified Early Renaissance window of 1601, through which so mellow a light is pouring and creating delicious contrasts of sun glint and shadow in the very clever photograph here reproduced (Fig. 3).

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

THE AMERICANS AND THE CHAMPIONSHIP

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

IT is tempting, even amusing, to work out the championship from the draw as we imagine it is all going to happen, but it is unprofitable. For a player to worry his head as to whom he will meet in the next round is the best way to ensure that he will never get there; and even the onlooker had better refrain, if he can, for the sake of his peace of mind. Despite this excellent advice, I will say a word about this year's draw. The first thing that we naturally want to know is how the Americans have fared, and particularly their "big three," Messrs. Evans, Ouimet and Jones. To begin with, there is a possibility of two of them meeting in the final, since Mr. Jones is in the top half of the draw and Messrs. Evans and Ouimet in the bottom. But they will have to work hard to get there, for fortune has not been too kind to them. She has chosen for us a very stout first line of defence in Mr. G. C. Manford, Mr. Stonor Crowther and Mr. Charles Ick. These are three good golfers. It is too much to expect that they will all win their matches. It may even be that none of the three will do so, but they should all three give our invaders something to think about. From these three matches, if our players are in form, we shall gain a valuable clue as to our prospects.

OUR FRONT LINE OF DEFENCE.

Of the three, Mr. Manford, who plays Mr. Jones, is the youngest and, at his best, the most formidable. He is a fine slashing golfer, a very long hitter and with plenty of shots. Like so many of our best players to-day, he is rather alarmingly variable, but if things are running for him, let the other man, whoever he is, look out! Mr. Crowther is a good golfer (witness his win in the *Golf Illustrated* Gold Vase last year). He has a sound, leisurely, powerful way with him, founded on many games with Sandy Herd, and the dogged confidence of a Yorkshireman; he and his big cigar look reassuringly imperturbable. He told me the other day that he could not putt, but I do not believe him. Here are two good matches; but the one I want to watch is that between Mr. Ouimet and Mr. Ick. Mr. Ick I fancy professes to be an old gentleman now and to take his golf lightly; but, if I know him, he will not take this match lightly. He will be on his native heath of Hoylake, which he knows and loves, and there is, to my mind, just a touch of greatness about his game when at his best that is given to few. He is a beautiful iron player, on occasions a wonderful putter and a fighter with set teeth. When really "out for blood" he means to win and never pretends to do anything else. Hard matches take a great deal out of him or he might well have won an amateur championship, but in this match he will be fresh and unjaded. From both a golfing and a psychological point of view this ought to be a game immensely well worth watching.

SOME OF OUR OWN BATTLES.

As to our own internecine strife, there are so many good players that it would be idle and tedious to forecast the future. It is a pity that Mr. Mellin, Mr. Hooman and Mr. Michael Scott cannot play, for they are golfers of great possibilities, and we want everyone that is good. And where, too, is Mr. Maxwell, who might have risen to the great occasion? At any rate, Mr. John Ball has entered and has cheered us by winning the Hoylake Medal with 77—and then we are told that he could not putt. I wish he had drawn an invader at the outset, for, wonderful man though he be, one has half a fear that he may grow tired. And yet, he would be a rash man who would set limits to what Mr. Ball can do. Mr. Tolley and Mr. Jenkins seem likely to run into one another very soon, that is, if Mr. Tolley successfully disposes of the long-driving American, Mr. Jesse Guildford. There are one or two very hot corners. In one Mr. Armour, Mr. Aylmer, Mr. H. C. Ellis and Major Hezlet are all in a cluster. In another are Mr. Wood Platt (a very good American player), Mr. Douglas Grant, Mr. Angus Hambro, Mr. Edward Blackwell and Mr. Ellison, the young hope of Hoylake. Towards the bottom of the list looms formidably the name of Mr. Harry Braid. Already people have given him a place in the semi-final. He may get there very likely, but there are some nasty obstacles in his way, such as Mr. Wethered and Mr. Gordon Simpson. No, prophecy is "the most gratuitous form of folly," and I will not commit myself.

AN INTERNATIONAL MATCH.

With so large and strong an entry of American golfers there seems to be a good chance of an International match. They are, I believe, anxious to play one and we should be neither very brave nor very polite if we balked their ambition. The only question seems to be one of time and place. Hoylake is the obvious place, and the Saturday before the Championship suggests itself as the day. Already there is to be a match between the Royal Liverpool and Sunningdale before the Championship, and it has also been proposed to revive the match between England and Scotland. Everybody would be glad to see it played again, and next year, I fancy, it certainly will be. This time it may give way to an even better one, America v. Great Britain. To ask that more than two team matches should be played before the Championship would not be fair on the Royal Liverpool Club, nor on those who take part. A Championship week means very hard work on the officials of a club, and for the players there is such a thing as too strenuous a preparation. It is, however, worth making a great effort to get this match played.

FURNITURE AT AVEBURY MANOR

BY H. AVRAY TIPPING.

THE furniture at Avebury has been long and assiduously collected with the view of being in complete harmony with its surroundings. The illustrations of the rooms that have just had our attention show that clearly. The Elizabethan chamber has a bed, not merely of the period, but of the size and decorative value that just fulfils the picture. But, although the rooms that retain Dunch and Mervyn features have set in them a good deal of the oak furniture that obtained in their time, yet there has been no hard and fast rule of allowing nothing later. Where that rule is laid down the result is often a little museum-like and unsympathetic. The true note of homeliness is struck where natural taste and feeling have allowed just enough variety of style and character of piece to give a sense of continuous habitation without such pronounced or jarring divergence of period or habit of life as occurs when Jacobean farm pieces are huddled together with the former denizens of Louis XVI *salons*. The right associations

and mixtures cannot be reached by rule, they are a matter of judgment and mentality, and, therefore, very habitually are missed. But, where present, they are as recognisable as they are agreeable, and nowhere are they more happily present than in the Avebury drawing-room where the permanent features speak clearly the language of the opening years of the seventeenth century while the movables belong to various moments in its course and especially to its last quarter. Such is the delightful little lacquered cupboard and stand (Fig. 1) which has its top arranged for the display of the bits of Oriental porcelain which were much sought after by the time of Charles II's death. The twisted leg had, as an alternative to the C scroll, been usual during his reign, and, together with the same flat curved stretcher, is seen in various stands obtained for Ham House by the Duchess of Lauderdale. Just the same stretcher, also placed above bun feet, occurs on the walnut veneered stand of a marble-topped table at Avebury (Fig. 4),



1.—SMALL LACQUERED CUPBOARD AND STAND.

The stand has twisted legs, bun feet and flat stretchers. The cupboard, with one round-headed door, is topped by tiered shelves for the display of china. Total height, 6ft.; width, 1ft. 10ins. Circa 1685.



2.—MAHOGANY SCRUTOIRE.

The tops of the doors and the outlines of the broken pediment are curved. From the centre of the pediment rises a plinth, also curved, terminating with a finial. Original brass handles and key plates. Total height, 8ft. 9ins.; width, 3ft. 2ins. Circa 1710.

but the legs are scrolled. This type, with both straight twist and scroll for the leg, is also represented in several smaller tables—both of walnut and of lacquer—collected by Colonel and Mrs. Jenner and seen in the illustrations of the rooms. There are also walnut stools of like general character (Fig. 6), but of different and perhaps rather later detail. The legs have the shaped baluster form that Marot made fashionable in England under William III. But there is no break between leg and foot for the insertion of the stretcher, which is merely fitted into one side of the square block dividing the various sections of the continuous leg which ends with an incurving scroll. Such construction is not Marotesque, but was that of the previous style, where side stretchers were turned and front stretchers upright, deep and carved. Such we find very well represented at Avebury in chairs and settees. In a winged chair (Fig. 7) the rather low seat and deep frame occasion a short leg so that there is little more than a ball above the square member into which the stretchers are inserted, the front one occupying most of the space between floor and frame, and consisting of prominent double C scrolls between which is set a vase with flowers rendered in a rather primitive decorative manner. A settee (Fig. 3) taking the form of a double winged chair has a scrolled leg and bun feet, between which the square member of the continuous leg is geometrically carved, and out of it comes an upright carved stretcher composed of scrolls only. Another settee (Fig. 5) on the same general scheme, but longer and therefore of three chair-back form, has legs and stretchers more cognate to the stool, but of greater elaboration. The baluster and bun foot sections of the leg are very elegantly worked in octagon form. The curved stretchers swell upwards in a scroll to meet the middle flat on which stands a turned finial. The effect is charming and most decorative. But constructionally it is holiday and not business. It is all for pleasure and nothing for strength. It is really very clever of it to have supported itself all this while, but one cannot imagine it adding to the stability of the whole framework. This piece was, of old, at Wrest Park, and the needlework on it—representing flower-filled vases in the main panels and flower and leaf sprigs for the lesser spaces—is original to it. That is also true of two chairs and the top of a walnut card table in the drawing-room; but the coverings of the other settee and the armchair illustrated were worked by Mrs. Jenner, who both in design and stitching has admirably seized the spirit of the age when the framework of the pieces was made.

In the bedrooms are many interesting and varied examples of chests of drawers and wardrobes. A fine, architecturally designed wardrobe stands between the windows of the state bedroom and is in full harmony with the dignified character and contents of that chamber, which we have seen receiving the attention of Sir Richard Holford a little before or after the year 1700. That and the room below were the only Avebury rooms of considerable



3.—WALNUT SETTEE UPHOLSTERED IN NEEDLEWORK.
It takes the form of a double winged chair. The needlework is modern. Circa 1685.



4.—WALNUT TABLE WITH MARBLE TOP.
Height, 2ft. 7ins.; top, 4ft. 6ins. long by 2ft. 3ins. wide. Circa 1690.



5.—WALNUT SETTEE UPHOLSTERED IN NEEDLEWORK
Baluster legs and curved stretchers. The needlework is original. Circa 1695.

size and rich get-up, so that they were, no doubt, the ones where Queen Anne was received on the occasion when she was there. Of this visit we know from "John Sanders His Book." This servant to a sister of the third Lady Holford tells how, in August, 1712,

We came to St Richard Holford's house in Avebury: it is a noble larg antient seat built in whit larg stone: it did belong to lord Stawel: ye late lord Stawel was born there & our Queen Anne dined there.

In every detail of the furnishing of these two principal rooms, Colonel Jenner has maintained the idea of quiet dignity as understood in the days of Sir Richard, while elsewhere the simpler



6.—WALNUT STOOL WITH BALUSTER LEGS AND CURVED STRETCHER. Height, 17ins.; top, 18ins. long and 14ins. wide. Circa 1695.



7.—WALNUT WINGED CHAIR UPHOLSTERED IN NEEDLEWORK. The needlework is modern. Circa 1685.

note of the lesser-pursed owners who preceded and followed him has been retained, as shown by the reticence, in both size and ornament, of such delightful pieces as a little mahogany scrutoire (Fig. 2) that stands on the broad landing outside the State bedroom. It is little more than 3ft. wide and devoid of enrichment beyond mouldings and finials, but these, in conjunction with the excellent form and fine quality of the material, yield a most satisfying result. Satisfying, and that to the most sensitive and exacting taste, is, indeed, the one word which best describes the contents as well as the fabric of Avebury.

THE ALL-ENGLAND POLO PONIES

TO say that in an international match the value of first-rate ponies is probably about two-thirds of that of the whole team is no exaggeration. Without the right sort of ponies no team can have the necessary pace, combination or staying power. The condition, handiness and speed of the ponies are chief factors in the skill and staying power of the team. No man can stay throughout a game like those played in International polo to-day if his pony fails him. I have always noted that when a really first-class man fails to show what we know to be his true form the cause is seven times out of ten that he is not well enough mounted. If, as has been truly remarked, we have in English polo many players up to international form, this is only to say that they have the skill, the quickness, the correspondence of hand and eye which every first-class polo player must have. Besides this, the players, to win in first-class matches, must all have ponies which suit them. One pony not galloping, turning or stopping properly, or tiring before the end of a period will not only spoil his own rider's game, but will very likely upset the whole team.

In the well trained aptitude of English ponies and in the horsemanship of the English team lies our chief hope of retaining the cup, supposing that the American team are as good as the English four. But of one thing I think we may be sure, and many people after looking at the portraits of the ponies which illustrate this article will agree, that our ponies are probably the better of the two lots. True, the American team have more ponies with polo experience than we have, yet they, like ourselves, during the period of the war had little opportunity to give their ponies practice, and it is by no means certain that a young pony thoroughly schooled and wound up is not better than an old pony out of continuous practice. Then, again, beautiful and full of quality as some of the Californian ponies in the American team are, I do not think that they are as good as English or Irish ponies bred with a dash of true pony blood in their pedigrees. Some of them are nearer than ours to the General Stud Book, but are not necessarily the better for that. The training our ponies have gone through, both in the school and in the open, has been a very thorough one. The open winter has favoured the plans of Colonels Hunter and Brown for their improvement, and the ponies are thoroughly familiar with stick and ball, easy to stop, ready to spring into their stride and, what is as important as anything, willing and able to turn on their hocks. Most of them when the pace quickens sweep along with that level, even stride that enables the men on their backs to strike the ball effectively and to keep it on the move towards the goal. Now let us look closely at the ponies here put before us. We must lay aside all thought of the show ring and think of the ponies only from the polo player's point of view.

Let us begin with the ponies selected by the Hurlingham Committee for the use of the players. These include Luck-at-Last, a speedy pony whose depth through the heart tells of great staying power; The Hind, an Argentine, said to be a flyer when it comes to a gallop down the ground; and Vic, also said to be an Argentine pony, and, in any case, of that keen, intelligent, wiry type we see among some of our best playing ponies. Vic is much liked by those who have ridden her, and if an Argentine, no doubt possesses that polo temperament for which the Argentine breeders select their polo brood mares with such care. Besides, these ponies are those which have been offered to, and accepted by, the Hurlingham Committee by patriotic polo players. Mr. J. B. Young's two, Lavender and Maythorn, have polo temperament written all over them and their power to carry weight is obvious at the first glance. Full Power, lent by Mr. Wills, looks as if he would stay for ever, has a real look of intelligence and probably by this time understands the game as well as most of us. Captain Montagu's Sheila, whose name calls up pony associations, some may recollect; Sir F. Freake's famous and beautiful pony Wild Duck is another of true polo type; Colonel Stewart's Snipe is better than her picture makes her out—true, the camera does not lie, but it cannot tell us all about the polo qualities of a pony, and Snipe's are great; Colonel Spencer's Marcia is very fast and handy and a capital smooth ride; Major Lockett's Field Marshal somehow reminds me of St. Simon, and Perfection is one of Lord Dalmeny's seven, which all know the game. Lord Dalmeny is essentially a No. 2 player, and with Major Lockett behind him, he has plenty of chances sent up, of which he and his ponies are well able to avail themselves.

Now I will ask the reader to cast his eye once more over these pictures and to note the fine, hard, muscular condition of the ponies depicted. Without condition the best of ponies are useless.

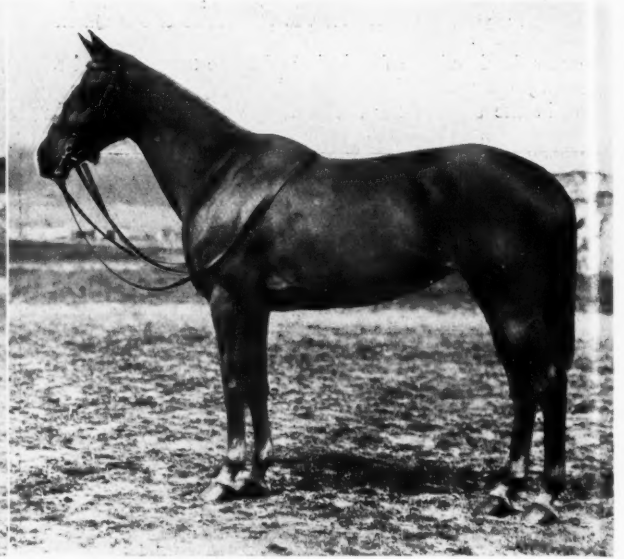
The portraits of the English ponies shown this week and those of the ponies from America illustrated last week give an opportunity of comparing the two teams likely to appear in the test matches. We think that most polo players will agree that the English polo ponies are the better balanced. Those who chose them were evidently attracted by what we may call polo type. The Americans have evidently still a preference for the blood steeplechaser type which was at one time

fashionable in England. We think, however, that, as we found in practice, these blood ponies (with the possible exception of Mechanic from Texas) lack balance, and that in this matter (a very important one) the English ponies, even in their portraits, are superior. Many of the American-bred ponies look to be

rather too lengthy, a fault we have noted in Australian and New Zealand horses. On the other hand, five out of six ponies on the page of American ponies are very deep in the girth and look like staying for ever. If, then, we look at the English-bred ponies belonging to the American team we shall see that



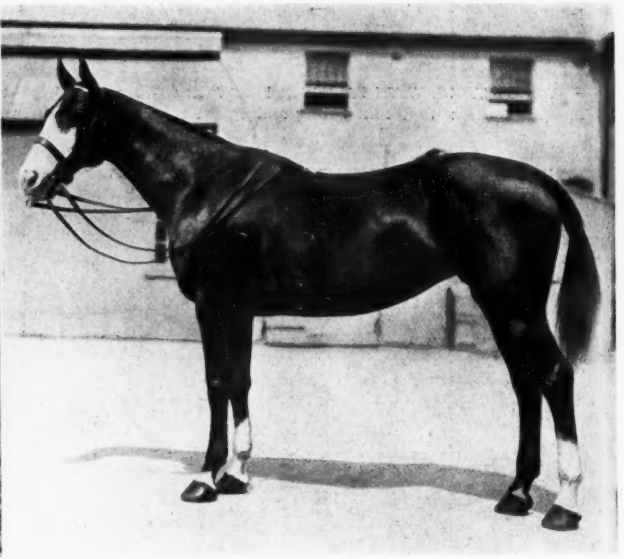
FIELD MARSHAL.



THE HIND.



MAYTHORN.

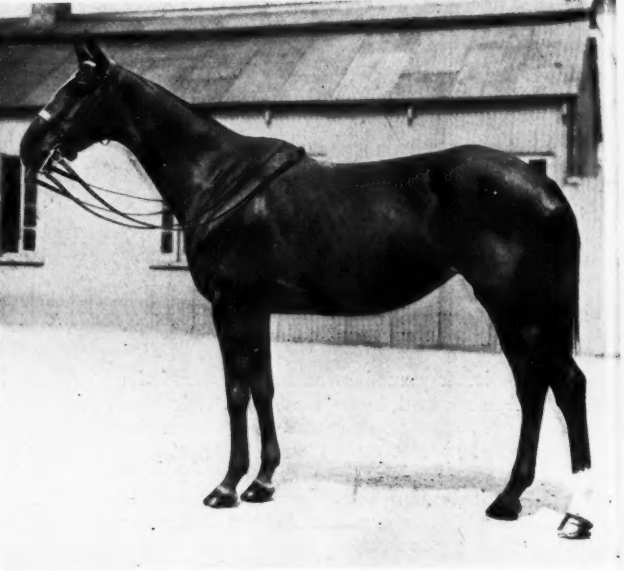


SNIPE.



H. A. Rouch.

SHEILA.



LUCK AT LAST.

Copyright.

THE PONIES OF THE ENGLISH TEAM ARE ALL REPUTED TO POSSESS "POLO TEMPERAMENT—"

these ponies, which have a polo reputation (or they would not be here), are of obvious polo type. The Californian ponies would catch the eye of a racing man or of a judge in the show ring, but the polo player would choose the English ponies. The American horsemen with their long-cheeked bits may, in a measure, compensate for the lack of balance, but it is the ponies

that can be played with a light hand and in a bit which they are not afraid to gallop against that will win in the long run the favour of polo players. We note, too, that, while among the Americans there are three different types represented, the English ponies have mostly a certain family resemblance and similarity of type. X.



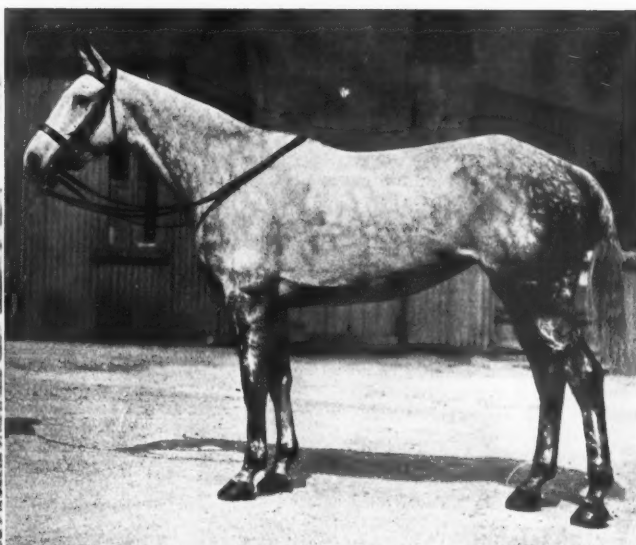
WILD DUCK.



VIC



MARCIA.



LAVENDER



W. A. Rouch.

PERFECTION.



FULL POWER

Copyright.

—WHEN THE TEST MATCHES TAKE PLACE, WILL IT TURN THE SCALE IN OUR FAVOUR?

CORRESPONDENCE

THE POULTRY KEEPING EXPERIMENT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—On October 3rd last, in sprinting across a road to avoid a motor-bus, I ruptured a tendon in my leg and have ever since been on crutches. This has enabled me to investigate poultry farming from the point of view of a disabled man, and a weekly record of my results your readers have had. My doctor now tells me that to recover the use of my leg I ought to leave home and try a sea voyage, and therefore I regret I shall be obliged to discontinue these weekly reports. Although I have been experimenting with poultry during the past nineteen years, yet up to Christmas last I had not sold an egg or bird except to shops, dealers or markets for consumption purposes at consumption rates. My efforts had almost entirely been directed to finding out how a small-holder could invest £200 to £300 in order to produce 4,000 table chickens per season and by this means earn his living. It was necessary for me to find out which were suitable incubators, foster-mothers, houses, runs, methods of feeding, marketing, etc., which when brought together in combination, with this particular object in view, would work together for this purpose satisfactorily. This task took me a great many years, and when I had accomplished it I found I could do nothing with it because the Government would not give me their practical sympathy and assistance to put the work to a useful purpose. What was the use to me, personally, of something which on a capital of a few hundred pounds (before the war about £300) would enable me, by taking off my coat and working as an agricultural labourer or ordinary small-holder, to earn £200 or so a year? It was something of very great national value from many points of view and opened out a splendid prospect for hundreds of people, but not for me personally. Therefore, because the Government would not take a practical interest in the work, all my years of patient labour were thrown away and wasted. My collection of appliances, which had taken me years to test out and bring together and which apart were only of ordinary value but when brought together so as to work smoothly in combination for this special purpose were of national value, was in 1915, by the instrumentality of the Board of Agriculture, put to auction and dissipated within an hour; and such a combination will never be brought together again. And now, instead of using £200 to £300 and working as an agricultural labourer, I am using £1,500 and working as a poultry farmer, and from the point of view of a poultry farmer I have, during the past twenty months, found out many valuable things. When I return from my voyage I intend to reorganise my farm so as to utilise these things and be ready by Christmas next to put them into practice, and if you care that I should do so I will be pleased to give your readers my results from January to May, for, I believe, good though my results of this year have been, yet next they will be infinitely better.

I enclose my weekly statement for week ending April 27th:

Capital, £1,500.	Land, 3 acres.	Cocks, 49;
	hens, 948;	total, 997.
1,680lb. of food eaten (grain and meal)	£ s. d.	
.. .. .	13 9 8	
Shell and grit	0 4 0	
Time paid out for labour	3 3 0	
	£16 16 8	
Carriage on eggs	0 9 5	
Advertising, £1 10s.; rent, 10s.; depreciation, birds, £1; plant, £1	4 0 0	
	£21 6 1	
or 5.12d. per bird, or 1.5d. per egg laid.		
3,397 eggs were laid during the week:		
2,508 sold for eating £19 13 3 (or 1.88d. ea.)		
749 sold for sitting 12 11 2 (or 4.02d. ea.)		
3,257	£32 4 5	
or 7.65d. per bird.		
Balance	£10 18s. 4d.	
Some interesting facts:		
Eggs produced cost for	This wk.	Last wk.
food and labour	1.18d.	1.15d. each
Eating eggs sold for	1.88d.	2.04d. each
Each hen ate	26.96	24.77 ozs.
Grain and meal cost per lb.	1.92d.	1.93d.
F. G. PAYNTER.		

THE FOOD OF THE BLACK-HEADED GULL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have read with interest Dr. Ward's letter on this subject, but it fails to carry conviction or alter my opinion on the nature of the food and feeding habits of this bird. It would be well, perhaps, to clear away one or two misconceptions on Dr. Ward's part. Firstly, my investigation and conclusions are not academic ones, but as thoroughly practical and experimental as possible. There is scarcely any side of the question I have not worked upon in order to make this enquiry of real value. Secondly, for upwards of six years I have been making field observations and experiments, not at one particular season or locality, or when enjoying a week's fishing, but almost daily and in various parts of England and Scotland. After having examined a very large series of stomachs of birds obtained from the Solway on the west and all round the coast of Scotland to the Forth on the east, over a period of three years, I claim that my results are more reliable and more typical than those obtained from the examination of thirty-nine birds shot near the Solway fishery. I maintain that this bird very seldom catches fish alive, and further that fish forms only a very small proportion of its diet. Moreover, were the proportion three times as great, the benefits this bird confers on agriculture would more than compensate for this loss. I beg to differ from Dr. Ward when he states that "fish is digested at a much more rapid rate than the average land food taken by the same bird, so that a volumetric analysis as to the stomach contents of sea birds is most misleading." Even were this statement correct it would not affect the analysis by the volumetric method. It seems clear that Dr. Ward has failed to understand this method, but a large series of experiments made by me on the rate of digestion of various food items lends no support to such sweeping assertions. I suppose Dr. Ward will reply that this is another "ridiculous statement" of mine, as he usually does when his insufficient methods and isolated observations give results which, of course, differ very widely from mine.—WALTER E. COLLINGE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—As the writer of an article quoted by Dr. Ward in your number for April 30th perhaps you will let me make a little gloss on the passage quoted. In late summer, when the young of the black-headed gull have flown, the little hill streams have shrunk into small ripples of water with here and there a pool, some of the pools deep and others shallow. In these pools the trout are marooned and consequently easily "gumped" by school-boys in the deeper water and caught by the birds where it is shallow. If alarmed they hide under the nearest stone or hole. That is where the boy likes them and where they are safe from the birds. The gull, flying slowly up-stream, creates no alarm except when his shadow falls the wrong way. He picks the little fish easily from the water and has no need to dive. It is pretty to watch him flying back round the hill shoulder and fishing upwards; but when the waters swell again with autumn rains this occupation is gone from him entirely.—YOUR CONTRIBUTOR.

EARLY VICTORIAN FASHIONS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The print of Queen Victoria in Hyde Park, in COUNTRY LIFE of April 9th, calls back to my memory many quaint pictures of my childhood days. We lived in the Forest of Dean and there was no shop at which we could buy drapery within a radius of eight or nine miles. We bought our household linens and wearing apparel from a man (I quite forget what was the special name for his trade) who came round about twice a year. He visited the larger houses where he showed his stores and sold to the family and servants; for the general public he took a room somewhere in the village and the people who wished to buy new clothes called there. After one of the travelling draper's half-yearly visits I remember my sister and I had crinolines, blue barège dresses and hair nets with gold-coloured beads in little crosses on them—I lost mine in a duck-pond into which I fell, and suffered great grief for quite a long time afterwards. At that time one or two ladies in the village appeared in pork-pie hats. I dimly remember a rhyme

sung by the boys of the village. It began, "A pork-pie hat and magenta feather, and knickerbockers for the dirty weather." This would be about the year 1859 or 1860 and would agree with your correspondent who gives the date of the picture as 1857, as I am sure we did not get the fashions in our out-of-the-way village until they were two or three years old. My mother wore a large crinoline and sometimes a shawl, at others a mantle and a bonnet, like those in the picture, which was called a cottage bonnet. Her riding habit was like those of the ladies on horseback, but I cannot remember her hat.—E. M. S.

MAYER'S PIGEON.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Your correspondent "W. S. B.'s" note and photograph of this pigeon in the current issue of COUNTRY LIFE will deeply interest all bird lovers, but one hopes that his announcement of its extinction is, as Mark Twain said of the report of his own death, "greatly exaggerated." Those of us who have studied island fauna recollect that as late as 1907 some hundred and fifty pairs were estimated still to survive, though limited to a single forest in the south-west of Mauritius. The pair mentioned by your correspondent were the first seen alive in England, and probably in Europe: they were presented to the "Zoo" by Lieutenant-Colonel N. Manders on October 13th, 1906, and the writer well remembers them as the chief attraction of the Western Aviary. It is a pity that in captivity the fine crimson hue of the beak tends to fade and the rosy breast becomes pinkish slate colour. Moreover the birds are pugnacious and have not so far bred anywhere in captivity, though the typical white pigeon egg is known from specimens taken in the field. Abroad, the species is being harassed to death by swarms of monkeys, originally imported for food by the early Portuguese voyagers.—GRAHAM RENSHAW.

CORN OR PIGS?

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Dr. M. J. Rowlands, gives a good answer to his question by deciding in favour of the pigs. Many of our allotment holders have started the open-air pig-breeding business in their small runs and are gratified with the results. Of course they give the pigs a supply of feeding stuffs besides what they pick up in the run, but not half the quantity they had to do when reared in the old indoor way. That more money may be made by rearing the pigs on the grass instead of making hay of it is proved by the large number now going in for pig-breeding and rearing and with quite satisfactory results. The pig will get as much benefit from the grass as any other animal, if allowed to roam at will, and will enjoy running and rummaging into it more than any other. Our allotment holders here in Yorkshire go in for keeping pigs and hens in the same pen.—W. SUGDEN.

GOOD FRIDAY AND LADY DAY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I read with interest the two letters of April 19th and 23rd on the subject of Good Friday and Lady Day (March 25th) falling on the same date. The legend or saw which goes: "When Good Friday falls in Our Lady's lap, England will meet with some mishap," has not yet been fulfilled. The old saw was somewhat strengthened in the minds of the superstitious by the apparition of Halley's Comet in 1910, but nothing out of the way happened to Old England in spite of the dual apprehensive events or dates of that year. From 1500 to 1921 Good Friday and Lady Day collided in the calendar fourteen times, and the only eventful year out of the fourteen was 1513, when the old saw was found wanting—for the contrary happened—as in August that year Henry VIII invaded France and won the Battle of the Spurs; the following month (September)—and on the 13th, too—occurred the Battle of Flodden Field, when England gained a complete victory over the Scots!—HUBERT BURROWS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Your correspondent "X." has miscalculated one of his dates. In 1692 Good Friday was on April 4th.—A. H. POLLEN.

GOLDFISH AND THEIR LITERATURE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I shall be extremely obliged if you will kindly tell me of a book which will give me information on pond life and the natural enemies of gold fish. Some time ago I had several fish which were breeding, but now every one has disappeared.—EMMA E. PEAL.

[We referred our correspondent's letter to Mr. Frank Finn, who writes: "I think you will find Bateman's "Fresh Water Aquaria" (Upcott, Gill, 4s.) the most suitable. I do not know of any book specially dealing with the troubles of gold fish. Your correspondent's pond may have been raided at night by herons, owls and especially carnivorous insects, like water-boatmen and water-beetles; the birds would account for the large ones and the rest for the fry; or the food supply might have failed."—ED.]

IN AN ASSAM TEA-GARDEN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you a picture of a curious little scene from a tea-garden in Assam. These small



"SPLEEN TONIC" ALL ROUND.

children are being dosed with "spleen tonic," a preventive and curative of enlarged spleen due to malaria. They receive it and also their food under the peepul tree. These trees are sacred and it is impossible to get a coolie to cut one of them down, even though it may be killing the tea all round it.—L. COLLINS.

CROCODILE FISHING.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of a crocodile which was caught on a hook and line with a dead monkey as bait. This "croc" took a young coolie while he was bathing in the river some fortnight ago, so we sallied forth to capture it. We had a hook with a short length of chain attached that could not be bitten through, and the hook was baited with a full-grown dead monkey, the whole lot being floated on a piece of light pith. Attached to the other end of the chain was a 400ft. rattan, which floats, and the end was made fast to an old paraffin oil tin. When the crocodile seized the bait it swallowed it immediately and the hook turned at right angles in its throat. It set off at top speed, towing the rattan and the oil tin. At last it got tired out and lay on the mud at the bottom of the river. We followed in a boat, picked up the oil tin, then got a dozen coolies to pull the crocodile ashore. It was 14ft. 6ins. long, a female with eggs—I should have said "she." We found two rings, evidently belonging to Chinamen, a small jade bracelet, several ear-rings and a quantity of stones and broken glass besides the bones of a goat, in her stomach.—PERAK.

ST. DONAT'S CASTLE ARMOURY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—May I be permitted to correct a statement in your critic's notes relating to the beautiful salade (Lot 26), in which he states that "on its tail is stamped the armourer's mark of an armet"? The auctioneer's catalogue distinctly says that this mark resembles a "visored salade." This being so, I fail to see how it confirms that "close helmet of armet form" was then

being made, though it is common knowledge to all connoisseurs of armour that the armet was in use at that period and even many years previous. That it is of German origin and make there can be little doubt, since it bears in addition to the "visored salade" mark the armourers' guild mark of Augsburg. Whether it is of French fashion remains to be proved. In my opinion it is both German made and form, the French salades of this type and period had an arc-shaped frontal and not elliptical or keel-shaped as the specimen in question.—FELIX JOUBERT.

AN OWL IN SLOANE STREET.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It may interest your readers to be told that on April 22nd, between 12.15 and 1 a.m., I heard an owl hooting in the gardens opposite my house in Sloane Street.—HUGH BELL.

"THE CUCKOO'S MORE INTIMATE HABITS."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Mr. Edgar Chance is quite right in stating that certain cuckoos have their own selected beats which they come back to each year. There was one bird here (Pulborough) that made its look-out place on an acacia tree close to this house near the lawn tennis courts. The reason I knew it and could identify it was from its voice, as it was unable to do anything like an ordinary bird, but made two little consecutive noises exactly resembling the bark of a distant dog (the first bark being for "cuck" and the second for "oo"); there seemed no limit to the number of times it repeated its call. At first one thought it had a sore throat, but it went on all the whole cuckoo season like this. It came here for three seasons in all, one being 1912, but I think that year was the middle date. I was then building myself a small place a trifle over a mile from here as the cuckoo flies but I had to go a bit further. All this walk practically was within that bird's beat, as I could hear it off and on. We used to speak of it as "the barking cuckoo." Mercifully its descendants, if any exist in these parts, do not suffer from the same complaint.—EDWARD KING.

AN INTERESTING FOWL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—May I trespass on your valuable space to bring to the notice of your readers the charming and exceptionally profitable breed of fowl, the Campine. It is perhaps one of the oldest breeds which is pure to-day and was bred for centuries on the Continent and brought to this country in more or less recent times. By careful selection the breed has been greatly improved and the improvement has not only been in the colour, shape and plumage, but also in developing size of egg. The colour effect of the Silver Campine is exceptionally fine, the black and white of their plumage with its beetle green sheen, the white neck, blue earlobes and blue legs, coupled with the red of the comb is simply magnificent. But apart from their beauty, their value as a paying proposition is exceptional. They eat remarkably little and lay eggs up to 2½ ozs. in weight, and similarly to all light breeds, they are exceptional layers. I weighed lately an egg from one of my hens and weighed the hen, too, and found that the egg weighed 2½ ozs.

and the hen weighed under 4½lb. Campines have very small bones. This, and perhaps the fact that they are so exceptionally healthy and thrifty, always ready to seize anything eatable, in the way of insects may, perhaps,



A SILVER CAMPINE.

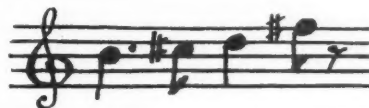
explain the phenomena. I have often watched my Campines searching their pen, inch by inch for small insects, and I can assure you that it must be a very minute and clever fellow which escapes their eyes. I enclose a photograph of a Silver Campine which won second at the London Dairy Show in 1919.—EDWARD C. ASH.

[We endorse our correspondent's opinion on the excellence of the Campine.—ED.]

MUSICAL PHRASE IN BLACKBIRD'S SONG.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—While staying at Buxton last month the attention of my wife and myself was attracted by the following musical phrase in a blackbird's song:



The rest of his song was of the usual inconsequential quality which blackbirds affect ("With his own lonely moods The blackbird holds a colloquy"). Sometimes he repeated the initial B natural at the end of the phrase, but usually this was omitted. The occurrence of musical phrases in blackbirds' songs has often been noted before. Mr. W. H. Hudson has some fascinating pages upon the subject in his "Adventures Among Birds." He states that the late Mr. C. A. Witchell, in his "Evolution of Bird-Song," has recorded in musical notation no fewer than seventy-six blackbird strains. Mr. Hudson thus writes of a blackbird "of genius" he once heard in the New Forest: "This bird did not repeat a strain with some slight variation as is usually the case, but sang differently each time, or varied the strain so greatly as to make it appear like a new melody on each repetition, yet every one of its strains could have been set down in musical notation." Perhaps some of your readers can give other illustrations.—ERNEST BLAKE.



A CROCODILE CAUGHT ON A HOOK AND LINE.

THE ESTATE MARKET

FARNHAM CASTLE AND PRINKNASH

THIS week three at least of the houses mentioned have ecclesiastical associations of considerable interest, two running through centuries, and the third connected comparatively recently with an eminent theologian.

The recent death of Professor the Rev. C. B. Upton brings into the market St. George's, Littlemore, Oxford, where, as Dr. J. H. Newman, Cardinal Newman "made," as it has been said, "the final stage of his pilgrimage into the Romish Church." The other properties indicated are Farnham Castle, the palace of the Bishops of Winchester, and Prinknash Park, Gloucestershire.

PRINKNASH PARK.

PRINKNASH, Prinknesse, Prinknesche, and sometimes it has been known as Brinknash, on the Cotswolds, looks towards the Severn. Horace Walpole, in 1774, during one of his many visits to Prinknash, wrote that it "stands on a glorious but impracticable hill, in the midst of a little forest of beech, and commanding Elysium." The place was long a manor of the abbey of St. Peter at Gloucester. Abbot Parker, otherwise Malvern (1514-39), the last abbot of Gloucester, used Prinknash as a residence. The date of the building, or enlargement of the house as it stands, is given as 1520-25, and that accords with its style. Though somewhat modernised, the style is Late Perpendicular applied to domestic architecture. The oriel in the library, with its pendants and fan tracery, is a fine example of Abbot Parker's work.

Elizabeth of York, Queen of Henry VII, stayed at Prinknash on her progress through Gloucestershire in 1502. Some exceedingly interesting glass in the drawing-room exhibits the arms of Henry VIII and of the abbot. Horace Walpole alludes to the ancient chapel "which is low and small but antique, and with painted glass with angels in their coronation robes, wings and crowns."

Sir John Bridgeman, who bought it in 1628, altered it a great deal. Prinknash remained in the hands of the Bridgeman family until 1770, and six years later it was sold to Thomas B. Howell, whose son rid the house of incongruities and improved the grounds. In 1847, he sold it to Mr. James Ackers, Member of Parliament for Ludlow, who restored and beautified the chapel and did much to improve the house. He was succeeded by his son, Mr. B. St. John Ackers. In 1887 the estate was sold to Mr. Dyer Edwards, who enlarged the chapel and constructed a new drive to the house. Prinknash is furnished in keeping with its style, and Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. are to let it furnished.

FARNHAM CASTLE.

THE situation of Farnham Castle is enviable enough, for it stands in the midst of a park which has a circumference of about three miles, overlooking the quaint old town of Farnham. From the residential standpoint it is a good house accommodating fully forty or fifty persons, and so admirably adapted for entertaining; but it is no longer practicable to continue the use of the castle as the residence of the Bishop of Winchester. It is to be let furnished, through Messrs. Farebrother, Ellis and Co.

Farnham Castle was the subject of an illustrated article in *COUNTRY LIFE* (May 6th, 1911). It is one of at least half a dozen castles erected by Henry de Blois, a noted twelfth century builder, in the diocese of Winchester. There is a massive stone keep characteristic of Norman work, with Early Gothic traces, probably attributable to Richard of Ilchester. King John's friend and minister, Peter de Roches, died in Farnham Castle. It was attacked and lost in the reign of King John, but retaken soon after Henry III ascended the throne. In later years the Royalists and Parliamentarians alternately held it.

William of Wykeham, one of the greatest of late mediæval architects, often stayed there, but he left no special mark of his genius on the fabric. Fox, Bishop of Durham in 1494, became Bishop of Winchester early in the sixteenth century. He overhauled the whole structure, and was responsible for much of the splendid old brickwork—the small dark red bricks—and the great tower in front of the screen end of the hall. Sash-windowed in Palladian times, it is otherwise almost intact.

Layard Marney, Oxburgh and Hampton Court cannot give a better insight into the brickwork of the period. The mouldings of the arched doorway and other features are excellent, and time has dealt kindly with them.

Henry IV visited Farnham Castle in 1516, and again when ill in the following year. In 1642 George Wither, the poet, was appointed by Parliament commander of the castle, with such troops as Sir Richard Onslow, then in Surrey, would allow him. Onslow did not support him, and he went to complain about it to Parliament. While he was away the rival poet, Sir John Denham, occupied the place on behalf of the King. Sir William Waller retook it for the Parliamentarians. After falling into a neglected condition it once more became Church property in 1660. Izaak Walton spent much time at Farnham Castle and dated from it the fifth edition of "The Compleat Angler."

An exhaustive examination of dates has shown in these columns that it is a mistake to attribute certain woodwork to Grinling Gibbons. It was really carried out by Bishop Morley "before the year 1672." The staircase, with the elaborately carved vases of fruit forming the terminals of the newel posts, is very notable.

"TWO ON A TOWER."

THERE is, curiously, yet a fourth house to be mentioned which has an indirect interest for Churchmen, in that Bishop Copleston built the tower which gives its name to Roodloft, or Tower Farm, Honiton. The tower, locally known as "The Bishop's Tower," is of stone, on a site some 700ft. above sea level, close to the road from Honiton to Axminster. Its look-out turret, with flat roof, stone coping and wrought-iron work, make it an object of striking prominence, and from it can be seen the surrounding country for scores of miles. In the particulars Mr. C. G. A. Bartlett of Honiton, who is to offer the property of 101 acres by auction locally on May 21st, says "its practical possibilities will at once be evident to the scientific mind." Astronomy is the obvious suggestion.

The particulars are not, as they should have been, illustrated, for, if they had been, that tower might have gone to grace many a "Grangerised" copy of "Two on a Tower." Weycroft Manor, a small seat in the Axe Valley, a mile from Axminster, is for sale by Mr. Bartlett privately for £4,750, by order of Captain H. H. Paynter, R.N.

SPORTING AND RIVERSIDE PROPERTY.

SIR ERNEST GEORGE designed Shiplake Court, the beautiful house in the Tudor style on one of the finest reaches of the Thames, and illustrated particulars have been prepared by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, who are, to sell the property on May 19th. They are, acting for Colonel Sir Henry G. Morris, M.P., to submit The River House, Bray, another pleasantly placed residence.

Colonel Dawson has decided to dispose of the agricultural portion of the Launde Abbey estate, Leicestershire, extending to over 1,600 acres, and has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to offer the estate by auction during the season.

Mr. Ian Ramsay of Kildalton is selling the Machrie portion of his estate, Island of Islay, and has placed it in the hands of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. The estate provides capital grouse and winter shooting over 7,500 acres, with Cairnmore House, the bags of woodcock, snipe and wildfowl being particularly heavy. There are sea trout and sea fishing, and the golf links of Machrie.

Pollok Castle, Renfrewshire, has been offered by auction as a whole and in lots by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. The estate has been in the possession of the Fergusson-Pollock family since the twelfth century, when the castle was founded. The structure suffered by fire on several occasions, and has been rebuilt and enlarged, the main portion dating from the seventeenth century. A number of lots were bought privately by the tenants, and the sales to date have realised over £17,000.

An interesting property just in the market is the freehold of Brills Baths, Brighton, which will be offered by auction in July by Messrs. Sydney H. Motion and Roper in conjunction with the Hanover Square firm.

The executors of the late Mr. Marlborough R. Pryor have instructed them to sell the

valuable collection of furniture at Weston Park, Stevenage, on June 8th and 9th, including the Dutch marqueterie.

Writing of Impington, three miles from Cambridge, the Rev. W. Cole, whose manuscripts are preserved in the British Museums, said, in 1774: "a very elegant seat . . . it pleased me much, and is the best of the sort I ever saw."

The house, including the central hall and gallery, is substantially built as it has existed for three centuries, except that in 1862 a large sum was expended in recasing the building, renovating the stonework and adding a wing. In 1909 the library was built out from the north-western front.

"Well and merry all are there," says Samuel Pepys in his diary, and he tells how his friend, Batelier, was "nobly used" as a guest at Impington of "cousin Roger." The house and 86 acres will form the first of nine lots if the estate is sold piecemeal at the auction at Cambridge on May 21st by Messrs. Bidwell and Sons.

SPROWSTON COURT, NORWICH.

GOOD material and good craftsmanship are found in Sprowston Court, according to the criticisms contained in an illustrated article on the house which appeared in *COUNTRY LIFE* of February 14th, 1920. Acting for the late Mr. Hartcup, Mr. Oswald P. Milne derived his inspiration from the Early Georgian manner and, finding no suitable bricks in Norfolk, he had them brought from Belgium, just as the Flemings had done in the sixteenth century. They are reddish grey with an enlivening addition of red coigns. The grey pantiles on the roof are of the same good quality that is seen in the walls. In plan the house is a very skilful interpretation of an old model. The property is to be sold at Brompton Road on May 31st by Messrs. Harrods.

SIR THOMAS CALLENDER'S PURCHASE.

BIDBOROUGH COURT has been sold by the executors of the late Mr. H. J. Wood to Sir Thomas Callender, of the Callender Cable Company and other industrial undertakings. The Court is a stone mansion with a tower, occupying a commanding position on Bidborough Ridge, Tonbridge, with a view of many miles of the South Downs. The sale was carried out by Messrs. Curtis and Henson, and the furniture, which includes pictures and other art treasures, will be sold on the premises by the firm.

The realisation of the Much Cowarne estate, near Hereford, of 2,416 acres, has been practically completed by Messrs. Parsons, Clark and Bodin, who, within the past few days, have sold Cowarne Court with 510 acres. The tenants bought forty holdings privately, and the total realised is, we understand, in the neighbourhood of £80,000. The firm is about to sell Stubben Edge Hall, near Ashover, between Matlock and Chesterfield, standing in a pretty little park of about 50 acres. It forms the principal lot on the Stubben Edge estate of 725 acres. The tenants have bought twenty-two lots, including five farms.

WARREN TOWER, NEWMARKET.

LORD WILTON purchased, from the late Mr. G. A. Prentice, Warren Tower, Newmarket, and has occupied it until recently. The house, of picturesque elevation, with all its accommodation on two floors, stands on high ground in the midst of nearly 20 acres on the road to Moulton, and is bounded on two sides by the training grounds. Messrs. Trollope and Sons, in conjunction with Mr. Griffiths, are to offer Warren Tower on the 25th inst.

Melton Lodge and 51 acres were bought in at £10,000 at an auction at Ipswich by Messrs. Alfred Savill and Sons and Richard Ellis and Son. Among the lots sold at the Baughurst auction by Messrs. Nicholas at Basingstoke was Brown's Farm, a Jacobean house and 36 acres, for £2,000. Messrs. Norbury-Smith and Co. notify the postponement of certain auctions, including that of Stradishall Place, Suffolk, to May 19th, when Netherseal Old Hall, on the Derby and Leicester borders between Burton-on-Trent and Ashby-de-la-Zouch, with over 160 acres, will also be submitted. The original portion of Netherseal was erected in stone in 1751, and there are additions in keeping with it. ARBITER.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE "GUINEAS" RACES AT NEWMARKET

CRAIG AN ERAN AND HIS BREEDING.



THE START FOR THE ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS.

It is not so very long ago that COUNTRY LIFE published a most interesting picture of the mare Jest with a foal at foot by Polymelus. Jest died about last February, and the loss to her owner, Mr. J. B. Joel, was a very serious one. The foal of the picture is now a three year old, and last Friday he started favourite for the Two-Thousand Guineas and finished third, a length and a half from the winner, Lord Astor's Craig an Eran, with Mr. J. Watson's Lemonora, dividing them. I refer to Humorist. In recalling that picture I am also reminded of another which, to the best of my recollection, appeared in COUNTRY LIFE. It was one of a group of illustrations to some notes I wrote on Lord Astor's stud at Clevedon, and there was Maid of the Mist, the mare that may be said to have laid the foundations of the stud. I have reason to remember her well.

In the first place she was the first foal of Sceptre, that great racehorse of her day, the sire being Cyllene, who produced no fewer than four Derby winners in Cicero, Minoru, Lemberg and Tagalie. Naturally there was very great interest to know what manner of racehorse the progeny would be. There came the filly which her breeder and owner, Sir William Bass, named Maid of the Mist. She was certainly not a distinguished racehorse, and, as I remember her, she was highly strung, very nervous and anxious on a racecourse, and inclined to sweat a lot. She was, too, a rather light bay, and I fancied, rightly or wrongly, that in her son, Craig an Eran, I saw a likeness to her and her granddam, Sceptre—something there was about the head and expression.

But before Craig an Eran was thought of, the mare produced Sunny Jane, which ran second for the One Thousand and won the New Oaks at Newmarket in 1917. Then came Skyrocket, also to Sunstar. Lord Glanely bought him as a youngster, and he was really high class until he came to go wrong in his wind, necessitating an operation for tubing. Then as an older horse he was capable of winning long distance races and is now being well patronised at the stud. I once came across Maid of the Mist when she was on one of her visits to Sunstar at the Childwick Bury Stud. She had a foal then by Mr. Joel's great sire, and whether that was the one we know now as Craig an Eran, or whether the result of the mating was that horse, I am not quite sure. But first let me mention her first foal, a filly by the Trenton horse Torpoint, well known as a stayer. It was when she had the filly at foot that Lord Astor bought her for 4,500 guineas, at the time Sir William Bass sold off in 1911. The foal became known as Hamoaze, and, oddly enough, when she came to go to the stud her first foal proved to be that very good horse Buchan, also by Sunstar. It will be appreciated, therefore, how amazingly well that horse has suited the breeding of Sceptre's first foal by Cyllene.

Could there, in fact, be more overwhelming evidence than Sunny Jane, Skyrocket and now Craig an Eran, the horse that won the first of this season's classics in thoroughly good style? How he won has been fully described elsewhere, and only for any readers abroad may it be necessary to say that after once looking to be out of it making the descent into the Dip, due to getting unbalanced for a few strides, he came along stoutly

and in great heart to overhaul Humorist, shake off the late appearance on the scene of his stable companion, Lemonora, and win by three parts of a length. Until caught in the Jip, which is only a hundred yards or so from the finish, Humorist had appeared to be a certain winner, and, indeed, for seven furlongs he had easily commanded all the many others, including Craig an Eran.

It is Alec Taylor's way never to hurry a young horse which he thinks may one day prove to be a good one if only allowed time to mature. We have seen it demonstrated time after time, and two very recent instances that occur to my mind are Gay Crusader and Gainsborough. They were not much as two year olds, but even so they were better than the form book made out Craig an Eran to be. Why, the maker of the Free Handicap for two year olds could not even find grounds for including him, and the weights ranged between 9st. 4lb. and 6st. 7lb. Monarch was in at 9st. 4lb., Humorist at 9st. 11lb., Lemonora at 8st. 9lb., and yet the handicapper could not justifiably put in the horse that beat them for the Guineas at 6st. 7lb. It really is very extraordinary, and shows how some horses do make astounding improvement from two to three years of age, while others make little or none. Craig an Eran ran in two races and was second in one to an ex-selling plater. Yet Alec Taylor always said he was a good horse, and had there been a Craven Stakes, in which he was to have run,



W. A. Rouch.

CRAIG AN ERAN BY SUNSTAR—MAID OF THE MIST.
Winner of the Two Thousand Guineas.

Copyright.

he would doubtless have had a big following for the Two Thousand. As it was, there was nothing like confidence on the part of those who knew most about him.

Let it be understood that as an individual he is fully entitled to his high rank, for he is very well made, having the necessary growth, strength of build, and plenty of quality. Some excellent judges admired him before the race and they certainly did afterwards. And, of course, his Derby prospects are excellent. He impressed by the stamina he showed and his way of winning, and, so far as we could see, he will apparently beat in the Derby all those he accounted for in this race. I am not going to say he will beat Leighton at Epsom, for I have the greatest admiration for that horse and he is certainly continuing to do well. It is against Leighton that, through the cancellations of racing, he has been denied the value of a race in public at either Newbury or Chester. I am sure that fact places him at a disadvantage, just as Craig an Eran wanted more experience in public and will be all the better for his race of last week.

It is never well to be dogmatic about racing; for example, if you had asserted that a horse, which could not win a little race as a two year old, could not win a classic race and beat the highest form, you would have been wrong in the case of Craig an Eran. Similarly, because Humorist seemed to fail last week through palpable lack of stamina to last out the eighth furlong, I am not going to say that he has no chance at Epsom. Clearly his chances are dimmed, but it is never well to lose sight of the vast difference there is in the two courses, and Humorist is perfectly adapted to Epsom. Moreover, he showed himself to be a very high class horse by the way he dominated them all for seven furlongs. Therefore, although Craig an Eran and Lemonora may beat him again, especially over the longer distance, it is no certainty. Humorist does not look as good as he is, and in that sense he is very much of a surprise packet.

Granelly's owner, Mr. James White, told all his friends before the race that the horse would win with lengths to spare, and he must have had a bad race; even for him, with the prospect of "more to come" in the Derby for, by what we saw of the horse at Newmarket, he can have no earthly chance at Epsom. I expect the explanation is that the trial horses at Foxhill have deceived them. Cylette, said to have been beaten at 28lb., may not get a mile really, and he may also not show his best form in private. Monarch is a non-stayer; there must be possibilities about Alan Breck for the Derby, though personally I am sure Craig an Eran will always beat him again, to say nothing of the other placed horses; and I am afraid that Polemarch is behind the best whatever he may be later in the year. The Winter King does not belong to the first class, and the rest ran as if outclassed, except that Proconsul ran so prominently as to suggest that Leighton, if 21lb. or 28lb. better, may be the best three year old of 1921.

I find I have filled so much space with my impressions of the Two Thousand, that I must, of necessity, be brief in dealing with the One Thousand Guineas. No one who saw Romana in public would be surprised at the poor show she made. She looked bad and seemed over-done and as if her constitution had "cracked" over a hurrying process in her preparation. Barrulet on the other hand looked beautiful, and except that she is a rank non-stayer, it is not easy to understand why she should have stopped so suddenly after once appearing to have the race at her mercy. She merely ran very fast for six furlongs. The winner, Bettina, stayed on to beat Petrea (indifferently away), and Lord Astor's Pompadour. The impression gained was that both second and third have a chance of beating the winner when they come to meet the winner again, especially over a longer course, but Petrea, unfortunately, is not in the Oaks. She was taken out when the minor forfeit of £5 was declared, but Pompadour remains in and she is a very nice mare indeed. Lord Astor is a lucky owner, in spite of classic disappointments with Buchan and Magpie, and that is why Pompadour must be taken seriously for the Oaks. Bettina is by Swynford and a very nice mare, too, but she only won one race as a two year old, and perhaps the opinion may be advanced now that the fillies of 1921 are only moderate. I prefer to wait before expressing any idea as to the colts. We must see Leighton first.

I hope the Jockey Club will leave no stone unturned to seek and obtain permission for the Second Spring Meeting to be held at Newmarket next week. It is true that the industrial situation is blacker than ever as I write, but, while the meeting will involve no extra consumption of fuel and at the same time do much to



W. A. Rouch.

BETTINA, BY SWYNFORD—ROBBINA.
Winner of the One Thousand Guineas.

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keep things going for all concerned with racing, it is the duty of the Jockey Club to press for the meeting just as they claim to have got the day for the "Guineas" as the result of their own representations.
PHILIPPOS.

FROM THE EDITOR'S BOOKSHELF

Fifty Years of Travel by Land, Water and Air, by Frank Hedges Butler. (T. Fisher Unwin, 21s.)

FEW persons have had the opportunity of such world-wide travelling as Mr. Butler, and still fewer could have set all these experiences down in book form. During Mr. Butler's wanderings he visited—among other places—the United States of America, the West Indies, British Guiana and Venezuela, Lapland, the Murman coast, and Kenya Colony. A very interesting chapter in the book deals with the early days of the motor car. We learn that the first motor race took place in France in 1895, from Paris to Bordeaux, and in the following year Mr. Hedges Butler had his first experiences of motoring. It is not perhaps generally remembered that motoring in France was sanctioned some time before it was permitted in our own country; indeed, it was not until November 24th, 1896, that the Parliament of Great Britain sanctioned mechanical transport at a speed not exceeding fourteen miles per hour. The Automobile Club, with which will always be associated Mr. Butler's name, was founded on December 15th, 1897, at which time, it is not a little interesting to learn, the price of petrol was only 7d. a gallon. Could these times only return, every second person in these islands would probably be the possessor of a car! Another fact of which we are reminded in Mr. Butler's book is that in early days the cars had no numbers. Nowadays the only person who enjoys this privilege is His Majesty the King, for even the Queen and the other members of the Royal family have their cars numbered in the ordinary way. In a book so full of information it is not a little difficult to pick out any outstanding features, but to our mind one of the most interesting chapters is on Lapland. Mr. Butler noticed the marvellous sense of direction possessed by the Lapps during the fiercest storms when it was impossible to see a yard ahead. Even under these trying conditions they carry on with entire confidence. To a certain extent we have noticed this trait in the Highland stalker also. Mr. Butler is not correct when he mentions that in Lapland are found "Ryper or Ptarmigan." The ryper is entirely distinct from the ptarmigan, although both birds assume the snow white plumage with the advent of winter. A most interesting part of this chapter deals with the church-going of the Lapps. These people are assiduous churchgoers, but, alas! they very often fall asleep, and thus the collection has to be made by a bag, with a bell attached, at the end of the pole. At the appropriate moment the bell is shaken in the ears of the slumberers. This is even worse than the traditional Elder of the Scots Church! During these church services in Lapland the babies in their cradles accompany the "grown ups" and are fed periodically, while the small children play about. Another interesting piece of information in this chapter is that the brides in that far-off snowy country are usually dressed in red, with white shoes and red gloves. Mr. Butler has had no fewer than 100 balloon ascents, and in 1906 made the Channel passage in this way. The only fault in the book lies in the fact that a large number of trivial incidents—of interest perhaps to the author but not to the reader—are set down, often at considerable length. Indeed, the volume could be easily cut down to a third of its present size and yet have an equal, if not indeed a greater, interest.

The Glass of Fashion, by "A Gentleman With a Duster." (Mills and Boon, 5s. net.)

IN this book the author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street" sees the world of fashion through the looking-glass. To most people he will seem to be shaking his duster to little purpose, for he takes as his texts Mrs. Asquith's Autobiography and Colonel Repington's Diaries which deal with "sets" who, though in positions of authority, have no more influence upon society at large than has the butterfly upon the garden. Every age has produced those restless "sets"; but the progress or decay of a nation rests with its unvoiced, undemonstrative central classes; and these, in England, have ever been tranquil and moderate. The author has a pretty turn for epigram, and states his case at once piquantly and temperately. But the country has already made up its mind about the Asquith-Repington circles and their shabby imitations in less exalted spheres. They and their heated gambollings do not matter, except to themselves, and it is by them, I fear, that this book will be most closely read.

T. B.

Cap'n Eri, by Joseph C. Lincoln. (Appleton, 8s. 61.)

"A HUNDRED hearty laughs," says the publisher's note, but the book does better than that—it does not treat us so violently. We never split our sides with laughing, but we feel the corners of our mouths curving heavenward the whole time we are reading *Cap'n Eri*, and the pleasant expression which transfigures our faces is a better testimonial to the charm of the book than any sudden guffaw would be. It is a smiling, briny, breezy, lovable book, full of the kindness and heroism and humours of the three sea captains whose joint housekeeping capacities are such a failure that at last they are driven to advertise for a wife, the prospective husband being he who loses the toss. In the words of their advertisement she "must be willing to work and keep house shipshape and above board" and it is the personality of the wife-housekeeper on which much of the plot turns. Here is good material for humorous situations, and Mr. Joseph C. Lincoln has made the most of it and with it he has blended a very happy mixture of romance and common-sense.

"COUNTRY LIFE" MINIATURE RIFLE COMPETITION

PUBLIC SCHOOLS CHAMPIONSHIP

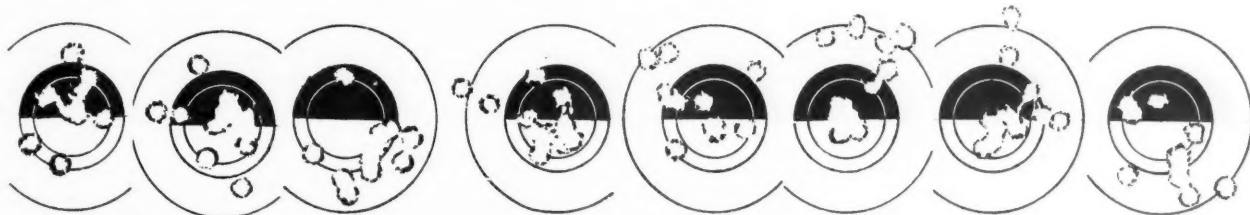
By MAX BAKER.

THIS year's competition for the two trophies presented by COUNTRY LIFE exhibits a striking improvement in the quality of marksmanship displayed by the youthful competitors. Various changes in the conditions preclude any absolute comparison of the scores made, but relatively they show that the descending curve of scores made is very much flatter this year than last. Charterhouse, as winners, compiled the remarkable total of 896; Radley was second with 859; Malvern third, 825; and Eton fourth, 815. Here the steps are admittedly steep, but that must be ascribed to the fact that all the members of the winning team were shooting on top form. In the grouping, rapid and snap series, where the scores of each individual are recorded, the two top men contributed 81 and the bottom man 71. This, with a remarkably fine total on the landscape target, 281, accounts for their aggregate. Radley's men made two 82's, while the lowest was 66. Malvern got one 83, as also did Winchester, Marlborough and Lancing. Eton, which has jumped from fifteenth place last year to fourth this, shows a highest of 82 with four members of the team tying for lowest position with 70. These four schools are the stars

of the competition, King's College School, Wimbledon, showing rather a drop to 769 from the last named's 815.

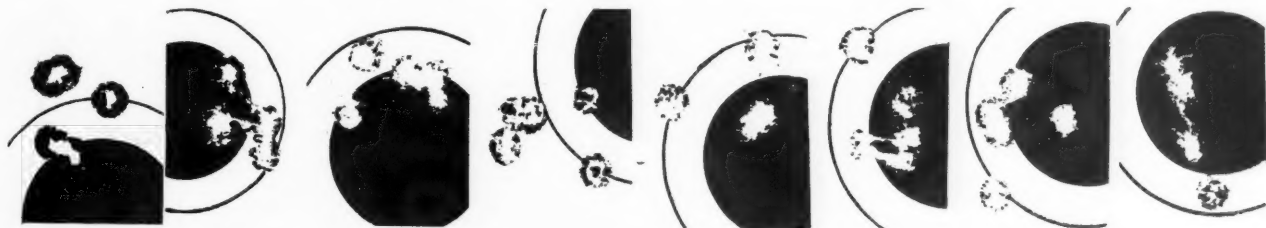
Beyond this stage the score curve shows but a gentle incline. In fact, the remarkable feature about the graph, which presents the whole thing to the eye, is the remarkable closeness of the competition at every grade of the scoring values. Last year's relative scoring values are expressed in the lower curve. Charterhouse, which was also the winner on that occasion, made a score of 610. This multiplied by 1.47 makes 896, the present year's total. All the other scores have been similarly treated, and the result is a second curve showing that the descent from the winning total was much more rapid a year ago than now. The higher average elevation of the top curve is thus a graphical representation of the all round improvement which has been marked in a single year. While only one team can be top, and only a few seriously challenge its pre-eminence, all schools can take deep pride in the splendid flattening of the curve which has been accomplished in the short period of a single year.

There can be little doubt that the human contribution to the scores under discussion is materially higher in quality than



Sgt. C. J. E. Rathbone. T. O. White. P. I. W. Edwards. Sgt. E. R. B. Skipwith. H. E. Spencer. T. C. Jameson. Cdt J. R. Shawyer. M. F. C. Wilks.
St. Lawrence College, Ardingly College. St. Paul's School. Oundle School. St. Paul's School. Evans Charterhouse. West Buckland School. Malvern College.

EACH OF THESE TARGETS WAS MADE IN A ONE-MINUTE TIME ALLOWANCE.



Pte. Pharazyn. Cpl. K. C. Hudson. L.-Cpl. G. Hodge. M. A. Campbell. J. G. Warren. Cdt. G. H. Pinckney. L.-Cpl. Synge. L.-Cpl. A. C. Murray.
Eton College. St. Lawrence College, Ramsgate. Kelly College, Tavistock. King's Coll. Schl., Wimbledon. Charterhouse. Radley College. King's College, Bruton. Lancing College.

SOME OF THE BEST TARGETS FOR GROUPING.

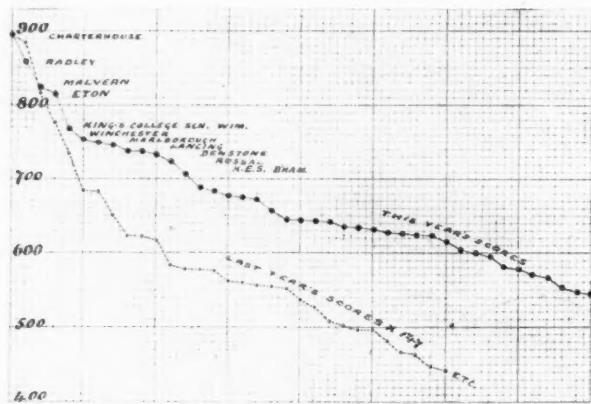


Cpl. J. D. Christie. W. D. Nettleton. Cpl. F. C. Bryant. Cpl. Johnson. J. W. R. Swayne. Cpl. G. W. Watson. F. W. B. Good. Pte. E. J. Stafford.
Emanuel School. Giggleswick. Sherborne School. Eton College. Bromsgrove School. George Watson's College. Denstone College. Hurstpierpoint College.

THE FIGURE TARGET IS EXPOSED THREE SECONDS FOR EACH SHOT.

that of the rifles used and, in many instances, of the ranges where the shooting was done. So far only a proportion of the schools practising at miniature ranges have learnt that the skill of a picked team is ahead of the accuracy of the rifles commonly in use. A still smaller proportion have applied the lesson to the extent of obtaining rifles capable of reproducing on the target the quality of skill exercised by the shooter. In the matter of ranges there is also an opening for considerable improvement. Indoor ranges are well nigh essential for the general instruction of the corps members as a whole. They can be used in every sort of weather, and most important of all, during the dark winter evenings when alone in the year the Public School boy is possessed of a superabundance of leisure. But the conditions of light, atmosphere and so forth in these ranges are not conducive either to the highest accuracy nor to the gaining of maximum instruction. In supplement, therefore, to the useful indoor range should be one out of doors where the comparatively ample leisure of the Easter term, compared with the summer term, may be devoted to a form of shooting one stage nearer the real thing. More and more is the miniature range becoming the main preparation for the great Ashburton Shield Contest at Bisley, and there is no reason why brilliant sunshine, wind interference with the delicately poised rifle, rain and the sundry other distractions from which the indoor range is immune, should not be included in the problems to be mastered. Add to these that the scoring capabilities of a reasonably sheltered outdoor range are greater than those of an indoor range and the argument is complete.

So far mention has only been made of the competition for the Class A Cup, which is confined to schools having three or more platoons of infantry. For those having less than three platoons the Class B Cup is provided. This section of the competition has brought forward 26 entrants, making a grand total for the whole competition of 83, against last year's 67. Very early in the consideration of the rules for the 1921 competition



GRAPH REDUCING THIS AND LAST YEAR'S SCORE TO A COMPARABLE BASIS.

the decision was arrived at to let both classes compete under identical conditions. A team of eight drawn from two platoons is not necessarily inferior to one drawn from a larger number. Anyhow, there is merit in making the whole of the scores strictly comparable. Thus, the winners of the Class B Cup, West Buckland School, made a score of 775, which would have placed them fifth on the A list. The runners-up, the Royal Grammar School, Lancaster, with 697 would have been 14th, and the third, Sutton Valence, with 661, would have been 20th. In these smaller schools the limited area of choice imposes a greater difference between the strongest and weakest members of the team, though here West Buckland is exceptional, for the scores varied from 82 highest, to 62 lowest, the total in the three individual series being 593, the same as Eton's. Their 182 in the landscape was beaten by the second, third and fifth teams in the list. The landscape target has not previously been included in the Class B competition, so on the whole the participants may be credited with having made a praiseworthy commencement.

A most satisfactory aspect of the results is the evidence they afford that only three schools in Class A and five schools in Class B availed themselves of the right to shoot at 20yds. because the orthodox 25yds. was not available. The musketry authorities have expressed a hope that the standard distance may be made obligatory in the future, and there is now every reason for considering that important reform ripe for adoption. The prime reason, from our point of view, for making the change is that by no adjustment or exercise of ingenuity can the conditions be made absolutely equal as between the two distances.

The full scores are as follows:

Conditions.—Teams of eight shooting members. Five shots grouping; highest possible score per team, 80. Ten shots rapid at tin hat target, time one minute, h.p.s. 400. Five shots snap shooting at head-and-shoulders target with three-second exposures, h.p.s. 200. Landscape target, twenty-four shots per team distributed over four objectives invisible to the shooter, but described as to

position by the team leader, who detects them with glasses, h.p.s. 360, with extras for exceptional grouping.

CLASS A.

(Schools with 3 Platoons or over.)

	1 = Grouping.	2 = Rapid.	3 = Snap shooting.	4 = Landscape.	Total
1. CHARTERHOUSE	63	362	190	281	896
2. RADLEY (BERKS)	65	354	185	255	859
3. MALVERN	65	355	160	245	825
4. ETON	60	348	185	222	815
5. KING'S COLLEGE (WIMBLEDON) ..	50	342	150	227	769
6. WINCHESTER	65	330	140	229	764
7. MARLBOROUGH	65	353	120	221	759
8. LANCING	70	333	165	188	756
9. DENSTONE	55	307	150	226	738
10. ROSSALL	60	314	155	209	738
*11. KING EDWARD'S (BIRMINGHAM) ..	55	311	145	221	732
12. SHERBORNE	65	316	155	187	723
13. GEORGE WATSON'S	70	346	145	144	705
14. EMANUEL	75	306	190	116	687
15. BRADFIELD	65	286	145	186	682
16. ARDINGLY	34	317	137	197	678
17. TRENT	57	306	125	188	676
18. ROYAL GRAMMAR (GUILDFORD) ..	45	328	105	193	671
19. GRESHAM'S	55	286	120	198	659
20. ST. PAUL'S (KENSINGTON)	32	341	145	128	646
21. TONBRIDGE	42	313	145	145	645
22. RUGBY	55	309	135	144	643
23. WREKIN	52	302	150	138	642
24. EPSOM	55	302	115	164	636
25. SHREWSBURY	45	315	130	145	635
26. MILL HILL	60	322	115	135	632
27. UNCLE	34	314	110	171	629
28. HURSTPIERPOINT	37	278	130	181	626
29. UPPINGHAM	57	310	120	139	626
30. CRANLEIGH	40	308	120	155	623
31. BRIGHTON	55	329	120	112	616
32. HAILEYBURY	55	300	120	128	603
33. AMPEFORTH	39	317	115	129	600
34. ST. EDWARD'S (OXFORD)	55	251	110	179	595
*35. ST. LAWRENCE (RAMSGATE)	57	271	115	138	581
36. FELSTED	50	268	90	170	578
37. LEYS	34	267	125	144	570
38. WELLINGTON (BERKS)	50	325	90	100	565
39. CITY OF LONDON	57	276	115	105	553
40. WHITGIFT	30	306	85	127	548
41. HARROW	65	293	120	67	545
42. WORKSOP	45	266	105	127	543
43. STONYHURST	39	284	95	122	540
44. DURHAM	42	312	100	85	539
45. BRIDLINGTON	37	290	90	101	518
46. BROMSGROVE	38	263	100	101	502
47. EDINBURGH ACADEMY	70	301	105	14	490
48. DULWICH	26	267	55	127	475
49. ELLESMERE	34	275	55	89	453
50. BERKHAMSTED	30	262	80	79	451
51. CHRIST'S HOSPITAL	28	240	75	89	432
52. WELLINGTON (SOMERSET)	57	252	50	68	427
53. CHELTENHAM	50	264	80	31	425
54. ST. BEES (CUMBERLAND)	55	255	75	20	405
*55. UNIVERSITY COLLEGE (HAMPSTEAD) ..	37	247	75	31	390
56. GLASGOW HIGH SCHOOL	28	172	40	68	308
57. LIVERPOOL COLLEGE	Disqualified through misreading rules.				

CLASS B.

(Schools with less than 3 Platoons.)

	1	2	3	4	Total
1. WEST BUCKLAND	57	356	180	182	775
2. ROYAL GRAMMAR (LANCASTER) ..	57	291	130	219	697
3. SUTTON VALENCE	42	302	120	197	661
4. GIGGESWICK	57	319	165	101	635
*5. KING EDWARD'S (BATH)	44	270	95	188	597
6. EXETER	45	289	110	138	582
7. ORATORY (EDGBASTON, BIRMINGHAM) ..	55	292	85	138	570
8. BEAUMONT	45	297	100	96	538
*9. SOLIHULL	48	232	125	123	528
10. SIR ROGER MANWOOD'S	52	309	110	52	523
11. KING'S (BRUTON)	55	258	70	134	517
12. CAMPBELL (BELFAST)	38	262	115	101	516
13. KING'S (TAUNTON)	48	262	95	91	496
14. MONKTON COMBE	36	247	90	122	495
15. FRAMLINGHAM	31	275	70	111	487
16. SKINNER'S (TUNBRIDGE WELLS) ..	32	221	60	166	479
17. ST. COLUMBA'S (DUBLIN)	42	248	125	63	478
18. KELLY (TAVISTOCK)	37	255	100	57	449
*19. HYMERS (HULL)	27	247	75	91	440
20. NORTH EASTERN COUNTY	37	275	75	52	439
*21. WEYMOUTH	42	188	65	133	428
22. ALL HALLOWES	42	266	80	36	424
23. LEEDS GRAMMAR	24	246	80	47	397
24. WOLVERHAMPTON GRAMMAR	25	226	55	89	395
25. KING ALFRED'S (WANTAGE)	16	209	40	69	334
*26. DOLLAR	44	147	35	19	245

* These teams shot at 20yds.